

The TATLER

and

BYSTANDER

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THE TATLER

LONDON
DECEMBER 31, 1941
and BYSTANDER

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Princess De Réthy, the Bride of King Leopold III

Fayer

On September 11, 1941, Leopold III, King of the Belgians, was married at Laeken Castle, where he and his children are held captive by Nazi Germany, to Mlle. Mary Lilian Baels, daughter of M. Hendric Baels, a former Belgian Minister of Agriculture and Gouverneur of West Flanders. The marriage is to affect the private family life of the King only and in a formal document, the King states that his wife renounces the title and rank of Queen. She will bear the title of Princess de Réthy, a title well known in Belgium, for the King has frequently taken the name of Count de Réthy when travelling incognito in the past. Princess de Réthy was born in 1916. She was educated at a London convent and speaks English fluently



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Watch Hitler

IN the early days of his comparative affluence Hitler made a simple home among the Bavarian mountains about Berchtesgaden. When he got supreme power over the life and thought of Germany he made this home his headquarters. Simplicity gave place to every modern device for comfort and the efficient direction of this new power. But the mountains in their varying moods still dominated the one-time chalet.

So Hitler, in search of even greater seclusion for his supposedly mystic mind, built himself an eyrie on the summit of the highest mountain nearby. German workmen toiled for many months shooting a series of lifts up the inside of the mountain so that seclusion might be reached with the quickest possible speed. The eyrie was for Hitler's exclusive use. Only a select few might share it occasionally, and then only for a short time. For here Hitler wanted to glower on mankind and ponder the development of his power, alone.

I have been unlucky, for I have only seen Berchtesgaden in the blackest of the weather's moods. But when I read that Hitler was resting at Berchtesgaden after the debacle on the Eastern Front I thought about the eyrie. I recalled my reactions on glimpsing it from a distance. Only a man who feverishly desired domination and was frightened of losing it could have sought refuge on such a pinnacle. Then came the news that he had made himself Commander-in-Chief. A man's inferiority complex—and Hitler started his climb to power with a big one—drives him to desperate ends. How desperate the end may be in Hitler's case we cannot tell. We must wait and see.

Urgent Lesson

IN the present turmoil of nations grappling at each other's throats we must take our most urgent lesson from the elementary rules of golf. We must keep our eye on Hitler. He is the real enemy. The Japanese are making their plunge for power in the Pacific under the cover of Hitler's Axis. But Hitler is the more dangerous, and he will wriggle out of his present predicament if we as much as avert our eyes from him for one second. Hitler is in a bad way. He's not at the end of his tether. He can, and may, recover. But we must not give him a moment's respite. While we are primarily concerned with Hitler's dispatch, Japan may make headway in the Pacific. But in my opinion Japan can only be defeated in Europe.

Allies Unite

PRONOUNCEMENTS from the White House indicate that President Roosevelt realises this as much as Mr. Winston Churchill. If Hitler is allowed respite now he can recover himself not only to menace Britain, but also to make a direct challenge against the United States. This is why President Roosevelt has always regarded French North African bases as vitally important to the safety of the United States. In such circumstances, where America may have to face threats from east as well as west, Washington rightly becomes the war centre of the Allies. Clearly President Roosevelt is not thinking only of the United States, Great Britain, Soviet Russia, and China. But all those who are opposed to Hitler's Axis, both large and small, occupied and unoccupied.

Soviet Celebrations

MON JOSEPH STALIN's sixty-second birthday—on December 21—brought him sincere congratulations from all parts of the world, and from quarters which even he could not have anticipated a few months ago. Although Stalin is no democrat in practice, he won the congratulations of all shades of democratic politicians on the occasion of his birthday. They honoured the man who had turned Hitler's steady toll of victory; and had caused him to croak instead of crow. Stalin had seen vast areas of Russia ravaged and the Russian casualties mount to millions before this could be done; but his confidence never waned. His birthday not only brought this reward, but also closer relations with the British Empire and the United States.

Stalin has wanted, since the war began, to be assured that Russia's place at the peace table would be certain, and not compromised in any way. He wanted to establish to his own satisfaction that there would be no anti-communist crusade by the democratic-capitalist powers against Russia after the war, such as Hitler has launched.

As Foreign Secretary, Mr. Eden has been able to give Stalin the assurances of the British Government. Stalin has always had a high opinion of Mr. Eden since he met him in 1935. But Stalin was even more impressed when Mr. Eden refused to agree to the late Neville Chamberlain's attempted appeasement of Mussolini and resigned from the Government. Does this mean that Stalin never wanted to appease Hitler; but was compelled to do so because he was not strong enough to fight him? This may be so. If it is the fact, it is a pity that there was not an Anglo-American-Soviet alliance before this! Britain cannot be blamed. She did her utmost to make a treaty with Russia more than once.

Frozen Huns

HITLER's appeal to the people of Germany to give up their warm winter clothes to soldiers at the front is most revealing. It proves beyond any doubt that Hitler made one of the biggest military blunders in history. Even Napoleon got to Moscow! But according to Goebbels



Some Londoners Who Helped Mrs. Churchill's "Aid to Russia" Fund Pass Its £1,000,000 Objective

Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, decorated Lieut. Commander Younghusband with a flag on the "Aid to Russia" flag day held in London. Many of the Ministers' wives were depot-holders and sold flags outside their husband's Ministries

Sir John Anderson, the Lord President of the Council, bought his flag from his wife. Sir John married the widow of the late Mr. Ralph Wigram last October. The "Aid to Russia Fund," which has now passed its first objective of £1,000,000 is the subject of a series of overseas broadcasts by Mrs. Churchill



Mrs. Duncan Sandys was another seller for Mrs. Churchill's Fund, and had doctors and students of Westminster Hospital as her buyers. She is the Prime Minister's eldest daughter, and her husband, the M.P. for Norwood Division of Lambeth, is Financial Secretary at the War Office



Queen Marie of Yugoslavia Attends a London Film Presentation

Miss Ruth Glover (left) is secretary of the Yugoslav Relief Society whose main object is to build up supplies for the time when these may be sent to the oppressed peoples of Yugoslavia without risk of falling into the hands of the enemy. Miss Glover is seen with Princess Bagration collecting donations

Queen Marie, mother of Peter II, King of the Yugoslavs, paid one of her rare visits to London when she attended the film presentation at the Dorchester Hotel in aid of the Yugoslav Relief Society. Films taken of King Peter while in Britain were included in the programme as well as "The R.A.F. in Action" and "Naval Operations."

Mrs. George Rendell, who is the wife of Mr. George Rendell, British Minister to Yugoslavia, is seen with her daughter Rosemary. Madame Simovic, wife of the Yugoslav Prime Minister, is President of the Society and the Bishops of Gibraltar and Gloucester and Roman Catholic Bishop Maheu are taking an active part in the organisation

Hitler was bigger than Napoleon. He wasn't going to make any of Napoleon's mistakes. The German people were assured of that. Now the world knows—if the German people don't—that Hitler's made a bigger mistake. Not even the might and speed of his mechanised forces could hide his great miscalculation.

Hitler had to choose between a front attack on the British Isles or on Soviet Russia. Thinking, as he always does, in terms of politics and military strategy combined he chose Russia. He imagined that he could lead some part at least of the world in a crusade against Bolshevism. When he found that he had made a mistake in his political calculations, he set out to give the Russians a lesson in mechanical warfare!

Army Quarrels

I WOULD not reject the rumours that there are quarrels in the German General Staff. It was Hitler's campaign. If it had been a success he would have taken the credit, as indeed he was doing when things were going well. They are not likely to let Germany think that German generals are responsible for the reverse. Sooner or later the truth must come out.

Meanwhile the plight of German soldiers is pretty bad. All available accommodation in Poland is being requisitioned to house the wounded, diseased and ailing. Jewish doctors have even been summoned to tend the wounded, which cannot be pleasing to an ardent Nazi soldier. But the dread typhus is spreading among the German army as it falls back in front of the Russians. Not even the highest Nazi official can get back into Germany from the Eastern Front without first undergoing a period of quarantine.

Army Prestige

THE people of Germany can be reckoned on to give freely of any warm clothing they have got. The prestige of the army stands high; much higher than that of the Nazi Party. The Nazi Party's unpopularity has been growing for some time. In the last two months it has been most marked. Hitler himself has not escaped this unpopularity completely. Thus he has had to resort to

threats in his speeches. He threatens the bishops, and others whom he describes as defeatists. In this mood, I repeat that Hitler can be more dangerous than at any other time. He has to make amends for the Eastern campaign by some spectacular success somehow, somewhere.

Ruthless Machine

IN calculating the prospects of a crack in Germany—which is one of the most pleasant adventures in wishful thinking that I know—we must remember that the Nazi Party is a political organisation without parallel in modern times.

While the leaders remain in power, the Party can maintain its strong grip over the life of every German. Its tentacles reach everywhere. Every precaution has been taken to root out any weakness or possible defection. With this strong, repressive machine at his command Hitler will be ruthless when the time comes. He will use this power ruthlessly to save himself with the excuse that he is really saving Germany. He will lie, cheat and murder to get his own ends. So when the crack comes, if it does come, the Nazi Party are going to face a terrible reckoning.

Low Morale

BUT the German people are in a similar position to the Italians. They would like peace but they don't know how to get it. There is no way out for them. Information reaching me from a reliable source indicates that Hitler's list of broken promises and the unfulfilled boastings of the Goebbels' machine have at last sickened the people of Germany. They have no war hero on to whom they can fasten their instinct for military adoration.

In most of the homes of Germany Hitler's photograph has had to share pride of place with those of Prien, the U-boat commander, and Moelders, the air ace. Both are now dead, and my informant tells me that their loss is bitterly felt by the German people. The entry of the United States into the war, plus the victories of the Russians, far outweigh the influence on the German mind of anything the Japanese might do.

Late Appointment

THE appointment of Mr. Duff Cooper as Resident Minister in Singapore is timely, but in my opinion rather late. The opinion seems to have prevailed in quarters where the utmost farsightedness is essential that the Japanese would not dare to attack. This—with one important exception—can be the only reason for the state of unpreparedness in Malaya.

The exception to this general statement is the fact that our aid to Russia made it difficult for us to send the quota of supplies urgently needed in Egypt as well as in the Far East. The inefficiency seems to have been as marked in the civilian administration as anywhere else, especially in the matter of air raid protection. As representative of the War Cabinet, great responsibilities now fall on Mr. Duff Cooper. But I cannot escape the conclusion that if Japan had not attacked when she did, Mr. Duff Cooper would not have been given this post. His report advocating the position he now occupies would have been scrapped.

Restive Politicians

THE House of Commons adjourned for the Christmas recess in an uneasy mood. Members wanted to know more about the situation in the Far East than they could be told, and there were some sharply critical references to leading Ministers.

There was a return to the charge that this is a one-man Government and that the Prime Minister must delegate more authority, and not assume too much responsibility for the direction of strategy. As deputy Prime Minister, Mr. Clement Attlee was not able to handle the situation effectively. The House was missing the master-hand of Mr. Churchill. He will have a lot to tell when the House next meets. All the same, it would not surprise me if we have some startling Government changes in the near future.

No Comment

FRONT-BENCH characters were under review by a group of smoke-room politicians the other day when the name of a certain Minister was mentioned. Said a politician caustically: "He's not much good in his job. He's not even allowed to announce his own losses."

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

A Protest

A *Yank in the R.A.F.* is one of the greatest ventures ever undertaken by 20th Century-Fox and one of Darryl Zanuck's costliest productions. Every phase of the great battle for Britain has been re-enacted—the take-off of the R.A.F. squadrons on the bombings of German cities, dog fights in the clouds, attacks on German ports, rail yards, hangars and troop formations, and the evacuation of Dunkirk which forms a spectacular finale to the picture. These thrills form the background to the romantic, adventurous story of an American who joins the R.A.F. to prove his worth to the girl he loves and who shares the romance, drama and gaiety in the life of England's airmen who perform deeds of heroism as part of their everyday job."

THE foregoing is a quotation from the programme at the Gaumont Theatre. And we at once realise that Hollywood is still persisting in an error which started in the last war—this being that major conflicts in Europe exist to provide Hollywood with motion pictures. This monstrous idea is completely given away by the billing of these pictures, where the name of some blonde cutie always looms as large as that of the soldier, sailor or airman hero. When I arrived at the first showing of *A Yank in the R.A.F.* the curtains had been apart some ten minutes. What they were now revealing was Miss Betty Grable in

the part of Carol Brown, an American croonette singing "Another Little Dream Won't Do Us Any Harm." Following the example of Cuvier, who was said to have been able to reconstruct a prehistoric animal from a single bone, I could have left the cinema at that point, knowing perfectly well what the picture would be about. But I stayed, if only to see prophecy turn out exactly as I had anticipated.

Carol was in love with Tim Baker, well played by Tyrone Power. Which brings me to another matter. I cannot for the life of me see why Hollywood should be so desperately keen on taking for its hero The Outrageous Cad Who Makes Good. Tim joins the Air Force over here, and at once begins to throw his weight about. He doesn't want to be a bomber pilot, the job being too tame for his American blood! Told that he must take whatever job is allotted to him, he is sent on a flight over Germany for the purpose of distributing leaflets. This again is insufficiently exciting, and to make the leaflets more hurtful to the enemy he declines to scatter them, and insists on dropping them in the lump. In which he is aided and abetted by an English corporal! Hollywood's notion of discipline in the British Air Force is something to marvel at. No action is taken against Tim, and presently we are back with Carol who has begun to think she would be much happier if she settled down with a steady-going Wing Commander.

In comparison with others of its kind this film is singularly unexciting; even the drawing-room squabbles and bedroom tiffs lack point. And I began to think the picture would die of inanition when we suddenly arrived at Dunkirk. I may be old fashioned, but I cannot believe in the picturisation of national epics for the purpose of bringing about the union of a cad and a cutie. Earlier on we had seen Tim return from a ridiculous and quite improbable adventure on the Dutch coast. I call it ridiculous because I just don't believe it. Three airmen land on a Dutch beach in the occupation of German soldiers, a company of whom are executing manœuvres some couple of hundred yards away. The airmen make for a house, dispatch the sentry, lose one man in doing so, after which two make the getaway by motor boat. The entire company of German soldiers line up at the water's edge, and though the pair remain a mark for some five minutes, none of the German bullets gets anywhere near them. Well, I just don't believe it.

Tim returns from this episode pretending to be wounded in order to turn the scales with Carol in his favour as against the Wing-Commander. Carol despises this ruse, the obvious corollary being that if Tim can only get wounded in earnest he will be completely rehabilitated. Hence Dunkirk, where, in the course of putting the German air force to flight, Tim receives a slight wound which leads him to the altar. This is the fifth or sixth picture I have seen recently in which Hollywood has used the war as a background for an exhibition of brag and sex. I dislike this vulgarity of mind intensely, and can only hope that the entry of America into the war will teach Hollywood better manners.

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Regal) begins very much as though Hollywood had contemplated taking a leaf out of Mr. Priestley's book. Robert Montgomery, owing to the officious behaviour of Mr. Edward Everett Horton, who appears to be Hollywood's idea of the Angel of Death, has been called away from the sphere of earth fifty years before his time. But he makes an arrangement with Mr. Claude Rains, whose function in Heaven is not determined, whereby he is allowed to return to earth and live out his existence in the bodies of other men. He is to assume their shape, but his soul will be his own and not theirs.

Although the theme is one which Pirandello would not have scorned it is needless to say that Hollywood does nothing whatever with it. Whoever made this film does not seem to have realised the potentialities facing a man who, whatever he does, cannot die. Such potentialities include the ridding of the world of the monsters of all kinds which infest it, beginning with dictators. But that is not Hollywood's meat. All Montgomery, who begins life as a boxer, is asked to do is to re-animate the corpse of a world champion shot from the ringside, and, of course, to find someone to fall in love with. These two things achieved, the picture is over, the rest of it being made up of some comic fooling with a boxing manager, well played by James Gleason, and the usual American detectives. Some people will like this stuff and some will perhaps agree with me in being bored by it. Tastes differ, which is a good thing. For, as Sam Weller remarked: "If they didn't, wot would happen to the makers of fancy vests?"

A short film, showing how the stars behave at home, contained one of the unhappiest sentences I have ever heard in a cinema. The film celebrities were at a race meeting, and the commentator said: "But who could look at horses when they could see Miss A and Miss B?" What I would have said is: "Why should anybody want to look at Googoo Eyes and Nit-Face when they can see horses?"



Tyrone Power is "A Yank in the R.A.F." at the Gaumont

The background of this picture, produced by Darryl Zanuck at enormous cost, is the Battle of Britain. R.A.F. squadrons taking off for Berlin, dog fights in the clouds, attacks on German ports, and the evacuation of Dunkirk are combined with the romantic adventurous story of an American who shares the life of Britain's heroic airmen (John Sutton, Tyrone Power and Reginald Gardiner)

East and West

Bombay and Broadway provide the Background for Two New Pictures in London this Week

"Appointment for Love": Boyer and Sullavan

Andre, feigning illness so that he may get to know Jane, goes to her for advice. His ruse fails when Jane sees through the subterfuge. But Andre has his way. A hectic courtship follows and they are married (Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullavan)



Andre and Jane, without confiding in each other, decide to make a fresh start. At Andre's apartment, Jane, determined to be a good wife, lays out his night attire. Meantime, Andre has gone to Jane's apartment where, waiting for her, he spends the night

Appointment for Love, a Bruce Manning production directed by William A. Seiter, is at the Leicester Square Theatre. Andre Cassil, Broadway playwright (Charles Boyer) falls in love with Dr. Jane Alexander (Margaret Sullavan). Married life with a careerist who demands a separate apartment and no interference from her husband produces complications of its own. It takes an intelligent lift boy to solve the problems created by scientific theories on love, marital relations and jealousy. But all ends happily



"They Met in Bombay": Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell

As two crooks, Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell are together in *They Met in Bombay*, a Clarence Brown production at the Empire. Clark Gable, an erstwhile British army officer cashiered out of the service, is anxious to steal "The Star of Asia," a fabulously valuable diamond. Rosalind Russell, who poses as a countess, has arrived in Bombay with the same idea. The two join forces and manage to get to Hong Kong with the diamond. The usual misunderstandings, deception and final redemption of the hero's honour will doubtless give the customary thrill to all Gable-Russell fans

Back from their hunting-lodge honeymoon, Andre and Jane are lunching quietly when an old admirer of Jane's breaks in on their privacy and pays ardent attention to Jane (Charles Boyer, Reginald Denny and Margaret Sullavan)



The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Old Acquaintance (Globe)

MR. JOHN VAN DRUTEN once wrote a tender and touching play entitled *After All* in which he demonstrated the indestructibility of old domestic ties—a play of stodgy uncles, fusty aunts and seedy dependents from whom the young turned with aversion as they grew up, but to whom they turned again as they grew older, wiser, less expectant of the future and more sympathetic with the past.

With this piece, *Old Acquaintance*, Mr. Druten's latest play has fundamental affinities. His theme is the indestructible friendship of two



Old acquaintances are entitled to a few home truths now and then. Katherine, for once goaded beyond endurance, lets herself go and gives Mildred the good shaking she deserves. (Edith Evans and Marian Spencer)

women who have little but friendship in common, though both are novelists. Katherine, who at rare intervals writes good books which sell well, is easy-going, generous-hearted, unself-seeking and quite reasonably content. Mildred, who incessantly writes bad books which sell even better, is jealous, mean-spirited, restless in her ambition and most unreasonably dissatisfied. Katherine is so horrified by Mildred's books that she can only bring herself to tell her she thinks them excellent (the emphasis with which Miss Edith Evans blurts out this deliberate lie is comedy at its subtle best). Mildred is so impressed by Katherine's books that she can only bring herself to find fault with them.

The path of friendship is not made easier by the fact that Mildred's husband, who left her, fell in love after marriage with Katherine who, reciprocating, nevertheless forebore. Or by the fact that the young man with whom Katherine afterwards lived in unconsummable bliss fell in love with Mildred's daughter just when Katherine had decided to marry him.

SHOULD old acquaintance be forgot? Well, whether it should or shouldn't, it can't be,

says Mr. Van Druten, when you have the same memories. It is not only Mr. Van Druten who says this. Katherine, too, says it on the stage, which is a little disappointing. This point, one feels, should have been made—in fact, thanks to Mr. Van Druten's skill, almost sufficiently is made—without the necessity for any such explicit statement.

The relationship between Katherine and Mildred is true and, so far as my memory of the theatre carries me, is also new. There is comedy in it and there is humanity in it, and with Miss Edith Evans and Miss Marian Spencer to play these two parts, the comedy and the humanity could not be better brought out.

Neither of these actresses has an easy task. Katherine is too perfect, even if she does give Mildred a good shaking at the close of the second act (loud and prolonged applause). One sighs for a fault or two. Here, once again, is a leading lady's dream part. But how Miss Evans plays it! One of her best moments is at the telephone when, on the heels of her shattered love affair, she must control her distraught emotions to answer a trivial and interminable call. Miss Evans is here superb. The audience on the first night rocked with laughter. But audiences will be audiences, especially on first nights.

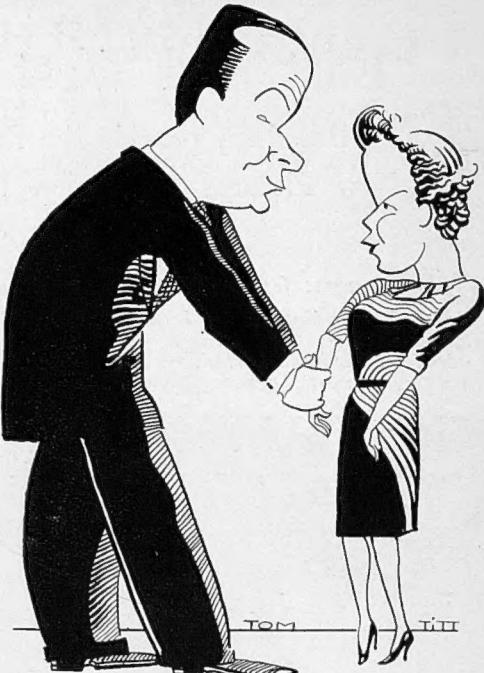
MISS SPENCER has a much more interesting but even more difficult part to handle. In her vanities, her dissatisfactions, her "impossibilities," her shrewd stupidities, she is remarkably effective. She convinces us not only that her books are bad but that she really does write them, whereas I'm not sure I ever quite believed in Miss Evans as a literary genius. And people who write books on the stage should seem like people who write books, even though people who write books off the stage often enough seem just like people who don't.

The young lovers are played by Mr. Ronald

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Unconventional bliss produces an unsuspected kittenish charm in the writer whose integrity is accepted as beyond question by her American public. (Edith Evans and Ronald Ward)



Young lovers are Rudd Kendall and Mildred's daughter, Dierdre. The sentimental education of Dierdre is in experienced hands, and their love scene has both tenderness and charm (Ronald Ward and Muriel Pavlow)

Ward and Miss Muriel Pavlow. These are, perhaps, the hardest parts of all, as there is nothing much to them. Mr. Ward goes through conventional emotions without a hitch. Miss Pavlow does nicely enough but is, I think, miscast. To be shy and introverted is her métier rather than to be frank and outspoken. Her voice, too, lacking control, is inclined to be shrill and strained. I would advise her to go straight to the dressing-room of Miss Evans to seek advice on this point, for no one has worked at her voice as has Miss Evans who, possessed of a most difficult instrument, has made it capable of the most exquisite and revealing melodies.

A word of praise to Victor Stiebel for the monstrous, amusing, and credible creations designed by him for Miss Spencer to wear.

Bombs and Boarders

“The Morning Star” at the Globe Theatre
Has Emlyn Williams as Author-Actor-Producer



Photographs by Swarbrick Studios

“I’m the charwoman”

“Really? My mother is a charwoman”

Wanda Baring (Ambrosine Phillipotts) makes trouble in the Parrilow household by capturing the affections of Cliff, the young doctor, who sings her praises to his faithful wife. Mrs. Lane (Gladys Henson) is perfect as the Parrilows’ charwoman, and is a fund of Cockney wit and courage



“I never thought I’d live to punch my husband’s tickets”

Alison Parrilow (Angela Baddeley) is Dr. Cliff Parrilow’s patient and loving wife. She fears that she is losing both her looks and her husband, but bravely drives a bus through the blitz



“When you’re seventy, Sir, you can’t help your heart beating”

Paying guests arrive at the Parrilows’. Dr. Datcher (Frederick Lloyd), a bad-tempered but wise old doctor, and his Welsh valet, Brimbo (Roddy Hughes), share a bed in the London drawing-room

The *Morning Star* is a drama of London’s blitz in a Chelsea drawing-room. The role of Cliff Parrilow, a young doctor, who, disgusted with his profession, takes to writing best-sellers, is played by Emlyn Williams. His blonde mistress and his devoted wife are Ambrosine Phillipotts and Angela Baddeley. Bombs and air-raid noises abound, and Gladys Henson is superb as the Cockney charwoman

Dr. Cliff Parrilow (Emlyn Williams), brilliant, but thwarted in his medical career, turns to authorship. During the air raid he is obliged to operate on a casualty, Brimbo the Welsh valet, who dies

Below :

At the end Alison, Wanda, Mrs. Parrilow (Elliot Mason), Dr. Datcher, and Cliff have a heated discussion, in which Wanda finally exasperates her lover, and declares she must leave the house

“I must get away. I’ve never seen anything like that before”



“I’ve been digging at the Hospital . . . It was hit last night”



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

A Prince is Born

ON December 18th the Duchess of Gloucester gave birth to a son at the Carnarvon Nursing Home, Barnet. The baby Prince, who is fourth in direct succession to the Throne, taking precedence over his uncle, the Duke of Kent, is Queen Mary's seventh grandchild. He is the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's first child, and there was great rejoicing at Buckingham Palace when the Duke of Gloucester telephoned the news through to the King and Queen.

The Duke was granted compassionate leave by the Army in order that he might be with the Duchess at the time of the birth. He is now a Lieut.-General, and ever since his return from the B.E.F., France, his duties as Chief Liaison Officer, G.H.Q. Home Forces, have kept him exceptionally busy.

Pressure of war work kept the Home Secretary, whose presence is customary on such occasions, away from the nursing home, but news of the birth was telephoned through to him immediately by Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Duke's secretary.

Duke of Kent

THE Duke of Kent opened the new Chevrons Club, which, after being chased about by bombs, is now in Pont Street, where the young ladies' Monkey Club used to be. The name explains the Club, which is for N.C.O.s, all whose rank is indicated by chevrons on the sleeve.

There were several speeches besides the Duke's—he was looking well, in Air Force

uniform—and a mass of people sat on rows of little chairs to listen. They included Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard and Lady Trenchard, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield and Lady Chatfield, Major-General Sir Fredefick Sykes, Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode and Lady Chetwode, Brigadier-General Lord Croft and Lady Croft, the High Commissioners of Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, representatives of all the Allies, Lady Iris Capel, of the W.V.S., and many distinguished others.

And the Duchess

THE Duchess of Kent wore a short fur jacket over a brown dress, and a little fur-trimmed hat when she paid an informal visit to the Elizabeth Garret Anderson Hospital, of which she is president.

The purpose of her visit was to thank Lady Beatty—representing Bundles for Britain—for the very generous help received from America. As well as many hand-made baby clothes, almost a thousand pounds has been sent to the hospital from America since May. Lady Herbert was with the Duchess, and others there were Lady Robertson, chairman of the hospital, Lady Kindersley, Mr. Shantz, First Secretary of the American Embassy, and Mrs. Elcock, of the Harvard unit of the American Red Cross.

Not everyone knows that the Duchess is a fully qualified V.A.D. She trained as "Nurse Kay" at University College Hospital. She and the Duke are both interested in hospitals, and he lately paid a visit to the Nursing Recruitment Centre.



Lord Poulett and His Bride

Earl Poulett and Miss Lorraine Lawrence, of Svendborg, Denmark, were married recently in London. Lord Poulett, who is an engineer, is now working at the Ministry of Supply

Queen Charlotte's Ball

THE balls organised by this famous hospital are the only ones happening in wartime, and the latest one produced nearly a thousand pounds, to be spent on free maternal care for servicemen's wives. All tickets were sold out a week before the ball, and Princess Margaret of Greece, with Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands party, was one of the few people lucky enough to get in at the last moment. Over twelve hundred people danced solidly until two in the morning, most of them in the Services, the men in uniform, the girls chiefly in simple dinner-dresses—it seems that there is an idea about introducing evening uniform for Service girls, who can hardly be expected to dance in khaki.

Dinner of smoked salmon, soup, turkey and plum-pudding obeyed ration rules, there were two bands, one of them Oscar Rabin's, and the ballroom was specially painted pinky beige, against which the uniforms showed up well. A thousand crackers were pulled, and there was an atmosphere of general gaiety unequalled in the days when the young were blasé with many dances.

Those There

THE largest party was Lady Hammond Graeme's—two hundred and fifty—and Mrs. Denton Carlisle took about one hundred and fifty. Lady Anne Spencer was a member of Lady Leconfield's large party, and Lady Dashwood brought her sub-deb. daughter, Sarah, who is looking forward to the next ball, the famous debutante one specially for girls under military age, which is to be on March 14th.

Other parties were Lord and Lady Jersey's, Mrs. Rowland Rank's, and Mrs. W. W. Wakefield's. Princess Xenia of Russia was at Mr. Seymour Leslie's table, the Duchesses of Bedford and Grafton were there, Lady Cottenham, Mrs. Fred Lawson, Lady Jowitt, and the rest of the twelve hundred.

Hunting

THE Duke of Beaufort's hounds still manage to hunt four days a week. It is undoubtedly the best way to keep foxes



The Chairman of the Yugoslav Relief Society

Princess Romanovsky Pavlovski works for the Yugoslav Relief Society, of which she is chairman, at its London headquarters. She was formerly Lady Mary Lygon, and is a sister of Earl Beauchamp. She married in 1939 Prince Vsevolode of Russia, son of the late Prince John Constantinovich of Russia, and of Princess Hélène of Serbia. He is a first cousin of King Peter of Yugoslavia



Captain J. Richards and Miss Wilson

Miss Marjorie Orme Wilson, only daughter of Col. the Rt. Hon. Sir Leslie Orme Wilson and Lady Wilson, was married to Captain John Richards, Royal Marines, at St. Nicholas's Church, Compton, Surrey. The bride's father is Governor of Queensland, and the bridegroom is the son of the late Captain W. H. P. Richards, and of Mrs. Armstrong, of Soberton Lodge, Swanmore, Hants. There was a guard of honour outside the church

down, besides providing healthy relaxation for soldiers on leave.

They met last week at Estcourt Park in brilliant weather, and hounds worked well. This lovely place, belonging to Captain Estcourt, is now a convalescent home for about forty wounded soldiers, who seemed to enjoy watching Major Wilkinson on his beautiful stallion, Armagh, doing haute école through the park. Mrs. Maurice Kingscote from Pinkney Court hurried into covert some time after hounds, and others out were Miss Joan Lisle and Miss Bridget Holmes à-Court, now in the A.T.S.

Apropos sport, how many people know that Miss Dorothy Paget rode her own mare, Bridget, into third place in the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race at the Mid-Kent Point-to-Point in 1929?

Red Cross and St. John

THERE was a tea-party at 14, Grosvenor Crescent, to welcome Lady Louis Mountbatten and Lady Limerick back from their tour of America. Both were looking very well, and Sir Philip Chetwode, the chairman, was receiving the guests. All the important Red Cross and St. John Ambulance people were there, and there were some representatives of the American Red Cross in grey-blue uniform.

Mrs. Churchill was in grey with a red carnation; Lady Falmouth, Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, Mrs. Bryans, who is Sir John Gilmour's daughter; Lady Caroline Bridge-man, Sir John and Lady Kennedy, and Miss Darbyshire, matron-in-chief of the Red Cross, were interesting members of the crowd.

Pretty nurses, including Mrs. Ralph Hanke, handed tea and delicious food.

First Night

FIRST nights seem to be happening at a very great rate, and now is a jolly contrast to this time last year in that way. It is a long time since John van Druten's plays continuously inhabited London. This one is very funny, and should be a success, especially as it has Edith Evans, and Marion Spencer is excellent too.

The theatre was packed. All the usual Press people; Claire Luce, looking very glamorous, with Mr. Philip Page; Miss Leueen McGrath in a velvet suit, Sir Louis Sterling, Mr. Clive Brook, looking grave and worthy of heavy leading roles; Miss Dorothy Dickson, Miss Aimée Stuart, Mr. John Gielgud, and an impenetrable mob through which it was impossible to distinguish any more.

Among people supping out at the Ivy afterwards were Mr. Ivor Novello with Miss Zena Dare and a party; Mr. Rex Harrison and Miss Lilli Palmer, and Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge, with Captain Graham Eyres-Monsell.

Star

THE Sadler's Wells Ballet comes back on Christmas Eve, and a book about its ballerina, Margot Fonteyn, is published on the same day. The book is of lovely photographs by Gordon Anthony, chiefly the action ones for which he is particularly famous, and an appreciation by Eveleigh Leith, which is a clear and comprehensive survey of the dancer's career and personality.

In his dedication to Ninette de Valois and Frederick Ashton, Anthony ends by saying: "It has long been my ambition to do a book on Margot Fonteyn, as I should then have had the honour to have published works on the two greatest dancers England has ever produced—Markova and Fonteyn, the Taglioni and the Grisi of our country."

Night—

MORE and more people frolic far into the night, and the doors of the popular places available have to be closed against disappointed throngs, while successful throngs kick one another off the seething floors inside, and practically cling to the walls like flies, pressed triumphantly behind their sofa tables.

Miss Diana Barnato was one of the successful ones, glittery in an off-the-shoulders black dress with sequins on it; Lady Isobel Milles looked inscrutable; she has an unusual and very attractive face, like a mask designed



The Hon. Esmée Harmsworth

Harlip

The Hon. Esmée Harmsworth is engaged to Captain Viscount Errington, only son of the Earl and Countess of Cromer. She is the younger daughter of Viscount Rothermere

by someone with talent; Miss Elizabeth Moncreiffe was another easy-to-look-at young woman; she has an engagingly malicious quality, like piquant sauce. Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Reid were sitting pretty on a sofa; Mr. Roddy and Mary Rose Thesiger were together—he was up for the week-end from Wiltshire, where he is stationed; Mr. Eric Hatry, now a Pilot Officer, and dressed accordingly, was with Lady Phyllis Allen; Mr. Charles Sweeny danced vigorously, so did Mr. Tony Wertheimer; Captain Rupert Gerrard was seen; Mr. Peter Quennell was the only person who had just written a book; and Messrs. "Bob" and "Flash" Kennard, and Mr. Christopher Schofield helped to represent the Guards.

—And Day

MANY of the same people were lunching at Claridge's next day, Sunday. Mrs. Thesiger had on her little bonnet tied under the chin, and Mr. Hatry was with Mary Alice Collins. Captain Ian Coates seemed to be looking for people, and Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge came in late; while Mrs. (Valerie) Birkford went out early.

Lunching another day was Princess Nika Yourievitch, who has just written a very amusing book—let's hope there will be enough paper for it soon to be published—and Beatrice Lillie with a party of women.

Cocktail Time

BETWEEN tea and dinner, May Fair regulars were meeting and enjoying themselves. Count and Countess Czernin had their elkhound, Kyro, and their baby with them, and were celebrating his promotion to Squadron Leader. Mrs. Moxon, an attractive Russian working for the Russian Red Cross, was there, also Lady Milford Haven, Lord Grimthorpe, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Belstead, Lord Reay—an extra-tall man who carries himself specially well—Mrs. E. Critchley Waring and, representing the stage, Miss Sally Gray, showing people a creditable painting done by herself; lovely Miss Jeanne Ravel, Miss Patricia Medina, engaged to Richard Greene; and Miss Elizabeth Allan.



Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands and Lady Orr-Lewis sat together. Prince Bernhard was wearing the uniform of a Captain in the Free Dutch Navy. Formerly Mrs. Phyllis Maitland Allan, Lady Orr-Lewis was married to Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis last year



The Hon. Audrey Paget, one of Lord Queenborough's five daughters, was seen with the Archduke Robert of Austria, younger brother of Archduke Otto, Pretender to the Austrian throne. The ex-Empress Zita of Austria is now in America with other members of the family

Queen Charlotte's Christmas - Leave Ball

A Happy Evening in Aid of Charity

This year the Queen Charlotte's Ball was held at Grosvenor House to raise funds for the appeal for free care of British service men's wives in Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital at Hammersmith. The Ball was an outstanding success, and Lady Hamond-Graeme, as President, received many congratulations on the work done by her Committee. Over one thousand people were present, and a magnificent sum in excess of one thousand pounds was raised for the Hospital



Mr. Lindsay Shankland, a member of the American Ferry Service, danced with Mrs. Berkeley Owen, a sister of the well-known polo player, Eric Tyrrell-Martin



Mr. Graham Payn, who is in "Up and Doing," watched the cabaret with Miss Elizabeth Babington, daughter of Air-Marshal Babington



A party at the buffet included Miss Cathleen Ralli, Mr. J. M. Synge, Lady Meyer, Lieut. Sir Anthony Meyer, Miss Hill Dixon and Lieut. Julian Brooke. Sir Anthony Meyer was married at Eton College Chapel in October last to Miss Barbadee Knight



Lieutenant Charles Compton represented the Senior Service. He was with Captain J. Walker (here from Canada), Captain R. Hargreaves and Mrs. Rowland Rank, one of the vice-chairmen of the committee



Lady David Douglas Hamilton, the former Miss Prunella Stack, Leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, was with her husband, who is now a Pilot Officer in the R.A.F. Lord and Lady David Douglas Hamilton have one son, born in 1940



Captain F. G. Mann, Miss Peggy Mann, Lady MacLean and Sir Charles MacLean sat together. Captain Sir Charles and Lady MacLean (formerly Miss Elizabeth Mann) were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, in June this year. He is in the Scots Guards



Swaebe

Lady Doris Gunston, daughter of the second Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, sat with Lieut. Charles Harding and her elder daughter, Miss Hermione Gunston



Swaebe

Brigadier Portman, Miss Russell Cooke, Captain P. B. L. Matthews, Miss Penelope Jowitt, Lieut. M. R. K. Garnett, Miss Judith Anderson and Lady Jowitt were together



Swaebe

Lieut. Derek Hall-Caine and Miss Susan Winn, the younger daughter of the Hon. Charles Winn, were members of a large party. Seen in the background facing them are Captain and Mrs. Loring



Swaebe

Miss Patience Brand, daughter of Lady Rosabelle Brand, and the late Lt.-Col. John Charles Brand, watched the dancers from the balcony with Lieut. W. E. H. Lawson



Swaebe

Major Peter Rous, Miss Elizabeth Frazer, Major Robert Redhead, ex-captain of the Oxford skiing team, Miss Barbara Cotton, Lieut. Dick Harden and Miss Irene Stirling posed under the giant Christmas-tree

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Not content with the labours of its own tame astrologer, one of the Sunday papers has trotted out "Egypt's leading soothsayer," Mohamed El Hariri, who says Japan is due for the high jump at about the end of next January, and the end of the war may be in sight next April, which is jam indeed, and well worth anybody's twopence.

The Fleet Street boys are so naïvely superstitious, as we have remarked before in tender accents, that only the bandy-legged mud-eating Nbongis of Mbongoland can be compared with them. Somebody ought to tell 'em confidentially that the most eminent soothsayer in the racket, ancient or modern, the Oracle of Delphi, left off prophesying for good in the fourth century, A.D., when the poor old hag wearily mounted the historic tripod for the last time, rolled her eyes, inhaled the fumes, coughed twice, and told Julian the Apostate's emissary frankly that the game was up. "The laurel of divination is withered, the waters that spoke with voices are dried up." What the present cloud of tinpot prophets getting five berries a week from Fleet Street hope to achieve after that baffles us.

The Greeks have a name ever since Ulysses for being pretty subtle, wily, and sharp at business. When one thinks what the Delphic Oracle might have made out of the exclusive rights to the British Press by holding out till modern times and faking it, one is apt to query the justice of this.

Trove

SEEING what wholesale looting by the Germans is going on all over Europe, it may be just as well, as an art-lover has cheerfully remarked, that we didn't give the Greeks the Elgin Marbles back after all (maybe you remember that delicious *Times* debate a little time ago, so full of judicious unctuous and blandery?).

The Parthenon may have been stripped even more thoroughly since the swastika flew over it, who knows? The last people to treat its fabric decently were the Catalans, who used it as the Church of the Santísima Virgén for some eighty years towards the end of the Byzantine Empire. Since then the Turks have used it for a quarry, a mosque, a seraglio, and a gunpowder-store, the Venetian fleet blew bits off it, Lord Elgin removed the Marbles to England for Art and Posterity's sake a century later, with Turkish connivance, and the remains have served as a backcloth for the prancings

of Isadora Duncan, a fate which must have caused some desperate rumblings on Mount Olympus.

Exchange

UNTIE *Times*'s little readers having ruled that we must keep the Marbles, for the sake of Art, Posterity, and tralala, mightn't we give the Greeks in exchange St. Pancras Church, opposite Euston Station, that striking Victorian confection whose architect had such a rush of Athens to the head that he stuck a fancy gendering of the Erechtheum on the south side and piled two replicas of the Temple of the Winds on his tower? You can't keep a good F.R.I.B.A. down.

Smoke

LWAYS interested, kindly but objectively, in women, their markings, song, habits, customs, prevention, and cure, we deem one of the gossip-boys to have stepped off with the wrong foot recently when he forecast that the continued cigarette-shortage will



"—and then his missus went for him, hammer and sickle"

probably introduce smart women to pipes, or cigars before long, for the first time.

The fast Early Victorian sweetheart (cf. Mr. Sponge's friend Lady Scattercash, *née* the lovely Miss Spangles, of the Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells) invariably smoked scented cigars, like George Sand. As for pipes, expensive West End tobacconists were trying hard to make smart women take to dainty briars, jewelled and otherwise, in the early 1920's, for some reason; well we remember all the flafla and bataclan from the gossip-boys' chorus about "my lady's pipe," and how my lady passed this elegant fiddle-faddle up cold; a considerable surprise to all when you think of the incredible things women will do at tradesmen's orders.

Footnote

THE first cigarettes smoked by women in this country seem to have been of a cheap popular brand, judging by Tennyson's well-known lyric which we have quoted before, and will, please Heaven, again:

Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone,
And the scent of the Woodbine
is wafted abroad,
But you'll darned well smoke
your own.

Thanking you one and all for your kind attention.

Tribe

ONE of the Nature experts reports that tinkers and mumpers and their doxies have practically vanished from the roads. Stow you, queer cuffin! Bing awast to Romeville, gentry-cove! Pipe the swadder with the strolling-mort under the ruffmans! In other words, we think the Nature boy may be right.

We manfully studied the canting language, hedge-Latin or pedlar's French, in preparation for an attempt, valiant but vain, to struggle with *Finnigan's Wake*, James Joyce's last opus, which knocked the booksy racket sockeroo en bloc with its fearsome jargon, part

(Concluded on page 482)



"These everlasting flowers are dead.
I bought them here in 1881"

London's Russian Flag Day

Buyers and Sellers for Mrs. Churchill's Fund



Lance-Corporal Mary Churchill, A.T.S., the Prime Minister's youngest daughter, helped her mother at the Downing Street depot

A Flag Day for Mrs. Churchill's Red Cross Aid to Russia Fund was held in London, and some 25,000 people helped to sell the flags. Mrs. Churchill asked everyone to "give liberally as a token of admiration for the deathless courage of the Russian people," and herself visited Lambeth and Southwark depots, while Mme. Maisky, wife of the Russian Ambassador, visited those in the West End, Paddington and Kensington

Mrs. Hudson waylaid a Canadian soldier and sold him a flag. She is the American wife of Mr. R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture

Left: Mrs. Randolph Churchill did some brisk business at the Dorchester, and took the contributions of Lady Ravensdale and Count John McCormack. She is the wife of the Prime Minister's only son, who is in the Middle East

Right: Mrs. Annan and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage were flag-sellers at Claridge's, and Major Everard Gates was one of their willing victims. He is the M.P. for Middleton and Prestwick



The Duchess of Norfolk sold a flag to her husband at the Ministry of Agriculture, where the Duke is Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Hudson



Princess Alexandra of Greece bought from Mrs. Gordon Beckles, wife of Mr. Gordon Beckles, the journalist and author

Princess Aspasia of Greece was selling at the Dorchester. She came to England with the King of Greece, whose sister-in-law she is



Standing By ...

(Continued)

tinker, part Dublin underworld, part pure Joycese. But where are the mumpers and tinkers? When Dekker compiled his *Canter's Dictionarie*, temp. James I., the English roads were swarming with fierce, hairy rufflers, mumpers, hookers, priggers, swadders, paillards, Mad Toms, Abraham Men, whipjacks, curtals, and swigmen, with their strolling-morts, kinchin-coves, doxies, dells, and bawdybaskets. Dekker was greatly shocked by their goings-on; they seem to have been like savage Tartar tribesmen terrorising the countryside and even the citizens of Romeville (London to you).

The mumpers had songs of war, such as the one beginning "The Ruffin cly the nab of the Harmanbeck!" ("The Devil claw the Constable's head!"), and of love, e.g.:

White thy fambles, red thy gan,
And thy quarrons dainty is.

(Fambles, hands; gan, mouth; quarrons or quarromes, body.) The language has scarcely altered, experts say. But compulsory school cricket stopped this un-English conduct, the mumpers have gone, and we must be getting along to some more seemly topic.



"You must write a little note, dear, to thank Aunt Emma for that lovely trumpet"

Tonic

SUFFERING being good for poets and improving their style, as was amply proved ages before Lesbia broke the heart of Catullus, it is clear that those Bloomsbury songbirds who fled to America to find a formula for Life and save their skins and are now faced with conscription will, at some future date, if alive, produce better verse than heretofore, which isn't saying much anyway.

This advantage has not yet been emphasised by the sterile prigs and guffins who admire them, we observe. Yet how obvious! Had Verlaine never been slung in the cooler for shooting at Rimbaud we should never have had *Sagesse*; had Shakespeare never been bitterly fooled by Mr. W. H. and the Dark Lady, had Baudelaire and Byron and Keats and Poe never suffered—but why go on? It's the rosy comfortable well-found boys with balances at Barclay's who produce *Idylls of the King*.

Some good poets don't suffer half enough to write really blazing, immortal verse, for which reason we are having a good poet we know introduced to a beautiful fiend who will trample on his heart and laugh him to scorn. If this fails we are having him blackmailed and sold up, to begin with. Not only will Posterity bless our forgotten

name, but his publisher has promised us a rake-off, for a start.

Visit

IF that speaker in the Commons really meant it when he said M.P.s should be drafted into the fighting-line to cheer and inspire the troops, he must be in Dreamland with half the rest of the political boys, in our mousy view.

Granted that to-day many M.P.s are ex-soldiers and that the troops might take more kindly to the idea, it sticks in our mind that even Staff chaps who earned decorations for trotting M.P.s and other notable civilians round the line in World War I. did not greatly care for the job. Nor did some of the politicians themselves, one of whom, a very big noise indeed, we can still see stoically clutching his tin hat and umbrella and scurrying like a glandered hen with his guide over a bit of scarred ground strewn artistically with warlike gadgets and properties, amid shells falling like hail barely five miles away. Apathy mingled, alas! with derision was the troops' normal attitude, even after Mr. Bottomley, Tribune of the People, had harangued them. The French were much worse.

Knowing half-a-dozen M.P.s who'd be an ornament to any front line, stout fellows, charming types, dear persons, we still feel reluctantly that if it's a question of cheer and inspiration the Army would prefer a signed photograph, or a pint of old-and-mild.

Riposte

STILL fascinated by, and discussing at length, the eggs which the League of American Mothers buzzed at Lord Halifax in Isolationist mood a few weeks ago, and maybe regret now, our fellow-hack "Beachcomber" doesn't seem—apropos this ancient custom—to know the haunting old Russian folksong, "He Caught Our Little Mother On the Corsage," which celebrates a lightning ostrich-egg riposte by the British Minister after being struck on the mazzard by five duck-eggs hurled by Catherine the Great during the Court festivities of Easter, 1789. "He certainly got you socko, Little Mother," was Potemkin's laughing comment. "Touchours la sèche et berfide Alpion," said the Prussian Minister icily. "Oh, snap out of it, Von Sourpuss!" was the Empress's sporting cry as they rubbed her down.

Suggestion

FOR more effective and no more severe than bombing Japanese cities, a traveller tells us, would be the organising of a good earthquake or two like the one of 1923, after which one of the few surviving Tokyo buildings was the American architect Frank Lloyd Wright's Imperial Hotel, which swings on its moorings.

This chap added sadly that modern witchcraft is hardly up to a big-time job like this. In our unfortunate view he forgets all those female novelists at the P.E.N. Club who do practically nothing but ride the night-sky on their broomsticks and put hideous curses on each other, sealed with publishers' blood. Those sweethearts may not be able, like witches of former ages, to pluck the moon from her sphere, but our feeling is that the Government should conscript (or conscribe, as an anguished *Times* authority recently yelled) those babies and let them try their powers on, say, Manchester or some place that wouldn't be missed much.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Old Bill : By Bruce Bairnsfather



“And here is Sir Ribston Pippin, to tell you something
about rebuilding the post-war world”



1. Radio reporter Tommy Keenan has no news for his broadcast. He desperately needs a story. He persuades Joan (Bette Davis), daughter of oil king Lucius Winfield, to elope with band-leader Allen Brice. At the Collins airport they find proprietor Steve (James Cagney) has his own idea on the conduct of an elopement (Jack Carson, Bette Davis, James Cagney and Stuart Erwin)



2. Unknown to the others, Steve has made his own arrangements to kidnap the bride and return her unwed to her father. He takes off with Joan, leaving Brice and Keenan behind. In the plane Joan fights him. Finally, she tries to escape by jumping out with a wrongly adjusted parachute. Steve is forced to land in the desert, where they get a prickly welcome



5. Pop hears that Joan's father is paying Steve to prevent her marriage to Brice and releases Steve. Steve follows Joan into an old mine. A fall of rock blocks the entrance and Steve forces a way out through Pop's kitchen. Hungry, he helps himself but decides to keep Joan in ignorance. Kissing him, Joan tastes mustard. She is furious, and Steve is forced to take her with him to Pop's kitchen



6. Keenan and Brice arrive with reporters and a sheriff. Steve, knowing Joan's father is on his way, fights Brice in order to gain time. He takes a terrible licking



7. Defeated, Steve agrees to a wedding ceremony which he knows will be illegal. He delays the honeymoon couple as long as he can; but eventually they take off

“The Bride Came C.O.D.”

James Cagney and Bette Davis, Together Again After Eight Years, Are Co-Stars and Sparring Partners in a Kidnapping Comedy at the Warner Theatre Shortly



3. Forced to spend a night in the desert, Joan has to ask for Steve's help with the prickles. It's not very dignified, but then prickles aren't very comfortable, and someone has got to help to get them out. Fortunately, true to film tradition, a picnic basket has not been forgotten



4. Next morning they discover a deserted gold-mining town, now inhabited only by old Pop Tolliver (Harry Davenport). Pop hears of the kidnapping on the radio and locks Steve up in the old jail. Meantime Joan sees a plane. She tries to signal with an old mirror



8. In the plane, Joan is miserable. She loves Steve. A note from Pop warns her that she is not really married. Taking the pilot's parachute, she jumps and lands just as the sheriff with a handcuffed Steve and a furious father arrive on the scene





Miss Preen (Viola Lyle), long-suffering nurse of Sheridan Whiteside (Robert Morley), brings him his medicine; while Maggie Cutler (Coral Browne), the great man's secretary, attends to the fan-mail

"The Man Who Came to Dinner"

Robert Morley in the New Kaufman-Hart Comedy Presented by Firth Shephard at the Savoy



Sandy and June Stanley (David Laing and Daphne Courtney), son and daughter of the house, are persuaded by Whiteside to leave the parental home and follow their inclinations, marriage and photography, in the great world

Whiteside throws a dinner-party in the Stanley home, while his unfortunate hostess looks on from the staircase. His guests include Professor Metz, student of insect life, a small-town journalist, and three convicts with their gaoler



A Christmas present for Whiteside is offered by Harriet Stanley (Edie Martin), sister of his host. He recognises her as the central figure of a sensational murder case of twenty years ago, and decides to blackmail the Stanleys



Whiteside, undisputed master of the Stanleys' house for a week, finally exhausts even the patience of his admiring hostess, Mrs. Stanley (Constance Lorne), and of Mr. Stanley (Ralph Roberts), who present him with a fifteen-minute ultimatum to leave

Maggie Cutler (Coral Browne), Whiteside's invaluable secretary, falls in love with Bert Jefferson (Hugh McDermott), a local journalist, thus incurring the displeasure and ingenious opposition of her employer, who is terrified of losing her





America's Idol of the Air, Opens His Christmas Presents

Lorraine Sheldon (Mary Alice Collins), an actress with social aspirations, is called in by Whiteside to lure Bert from Maggie's side, but tiring of the idea and idled by Banjo, he shuts her up in a mummy-case, one of his Christmas presents



Whiteside and Maggie Cutler are entertained by Beverly Carlton (Edward Cooper), who brings them news of friends and acquaintances from the outer world, and sings them his latest songs, very much à la Noel Coward



Another Christmas present (formerly the property of Hedy Lamarr) is brought by Banjo (Jerry Verno), who is strikingly reminiscent of Harpo Marx. Long-distance calls from H. G. Wells and Walt Disney, gifts from Shirley Temple, and anonymous donations of penguins, cockroaches, etc., are also received

The final scene shows Whiteside carried back into the Stanleys' house, this time for an indefinite stay, having once more slipped on the step when leaving, and fracturing his hip. Universal dismay is caused by the return of the unwelcome guest



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Criticism

C RITICS seem to have it all their own way—how rarely anybody criticises the critic! Yet, how important it is that he should be up to the mark. The wrong kind of critic not only wastes one's time, he really does more than anyone else to put art itself in a bad position. He can create, where books, pictures and plays are concerned, what one might call bad visibility. He can conceal his subject behind a perfect smoke-screen of high-class hanky-panky, catch phrases, misleading statements and muddled thought. His superciliousness and his *nous autres* attitude can combine—have combined, in many unhappy cases—to put the general public right off art.

My opinion is that this kind of critic bothers the artist (who is usually a fairly straightforward person) just as much as he annoys the public. The artist expects his work to be understood, and—if he is a real and not a phoney artist—he works harder than most people to this end: in his own way he is as plain-spoken as possible. He is, above all, a person with a good deal to say. (The so-called or phoney artist who has almost nothing to say but says this as mysteriously as possible, may be ruled right out of this discussion.)

In the long run, we may thank the wrong kind of critic for any public hostility towards art. And the artist may thank him for the consequent isolation in which,

entirely contrary to his nature, he (the artist) has often to live and work.

When people tell you they have no time for art, what they really mean, in nine cases out of ten, is that they have no time for all the nonsense about it. And those with a trend to art are made sceptical by critics who claim to find a new genius on every bough.

The real test of the artist is that he should be a person of good faith. He is also—and this is very important—using his medium, be this words, notes or colour, to say something that has not been said before. In ways, he is in the position of the small child that, though already packed with ideas and feelings, is still in the process of learning how to talk. Both the child and the artist, for the same reasons, do sometimes express themselves rather funny, or let us say, unexpectedly, in their efforts to tell us just what they mean. It is a help, in both cases, to the outsider if a third, understanding person is at hand to interpret. The critic, half-way between the artist and the public, should, at least to my mind, play exactly this part.

The person who knows about children knows well when the child is really trying to say something, or when, on the other hand, the child, excited by strange company, is simply showing off or trying it on. And the person who knows (genuinely) about art is able to make exactly the same distinction in the case of the activities of an artist. The critic should know just this. He should—in fact, he must, if he is to be any good—be, equally with the artist, a man of good faith. Because one man of good faith instinctively recognises another: on this one subject he can never be fooled.

Standards

WE give the critic authority on the understanding that he will deal fairly with us; on the understanding that, while knowing the language of art, he will speak to us in language that is our own. It is his business to simplify, not to complicate or falsify, the relations between the public and the artist. What I call the bad critic creates confusion by his wish to do an act on his own. Whereas the good critic, though he may admit to being an egotist, still always loves his subject more than himself: zest for his subject adds drive to his pen. Though he may admit to a number of prejudices, he never attempts to disguise these as principles. So, though you may disagree with him flatly on some points, you will always retain your respect for his point of view. When he says "Don't miss this," or "You need not bother with that," you have reason to feel, as he has reason to feel, that he does know what he is talking about.

Mr. Agate

ALL this has been my sidelong approach to Mr. Agate's critical excellence. That excellence is so fully recognised that I feel shy of adding comment to it: in calling Mr. Agate an outstanding "good critic" am I not restating the obvious, or even running the risk of being impertinent?



Miss Lilian Duff

Miss Duff, a member of the B.B.C. News Department for five years, reviews the latest films in the Forces weekly news-letter. In our issue of November 26th, we published a picture of Mrs. Christiansen, wife of the "Daily Express" Editor. We were informed incorrectly that this was a picture of Miss Lilian Duff. We offer our apologies to both Mrs. Christiansen and Miss Duff.



Yvonne Gregory

Mr. W. Heath Robinson

The humorous drawings of this well-known artist have delighted readers of the "Sketch" for many years. In "How to Build a New World," by Cecil Hunt, published recently, all those problems which to the ordinary mortal are insurmountable are solved by Mr. Heath Robinson's inimitable contraptions which illustrate the book

So, I shall confine myself to trying to show at least a few of the many reasons why Mr. Agate is such a good critic. And his *Thursdays and Fridays*, sub-titled "A Book for Everyday People" (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), gives ample matter on which to work.

The book, divided into two parts, consists of reprints of his critical writings.

(Concluded on page 490)



Miss Eve Orme

Miss Orme's latest novel, "There's Something About a Soldier," is one of the new books in Rich and Cowan's list. In private life, Miss Orme is the wife of Brigadier H. N. H. Williamson, D.S.O., M.C. The Williamsons were married in 1926, and have one daughter

Mother and Son

Lord Leverhulme's Younger Daughter and His Grandson

The Hon. Mrs. Stobart-Wetherly is the wife of Major William Erskine Stobart-Wetherly, King's Dragoon Guards. They were married in October 1938, and their son, Dennis William Stobart, was born in 1940. Mrs. Wetherly was Rosemary Gertrude Alexandra Lever, younger daughter of Viscount Leverhulme by his first marriage. The Wetherlys' Leicestershire place, Brook House, Long Whatton, was destroyed by enemy action last year, and Mrs. Wetherly now lives with her son at Appledram, a cottage at Virginia Water, while her husband is serving overseas; she is doing voluntary hospital work. She was recently a godmother at the christening of Lord and Lady Newtown-Butler's baby daughter, who is a granddaughter of the Earl of Lanesborough

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

The Hon. Mrs. Stobart-Wetherly and Dennis



With Silent Friends

(Continued)

His Thursday book pages for the *Daily Express* make the first half. In the second appear his Friday theatre articles for *John o' London's Weekly*, which came out over the nom de plume "Richard Prentis."

The Thursday pages, as Mr. Agate says, were written for an enormous public with no initial bent towards books for their own sakes. The Friday articles were addressed to readers with a strong general feeling towards the theatre, but perhaps certain gaps in their appreciation of it. Both Thursday and Friday readers would thus be "ordinary people" in the good, solid, unspoilt sense. They deserve—do we not all?—from the critic a straight deal. And they certainly get one from Mr. Agate.

He takes it—I feel sure rightly—that ordinary people are, at the same time, people of fundamentally sound good sense. It is to this good sense that he addresses himself. He is out to expose nonsense that, by fair or foul means, may have been put across. He is the arch-debunker: to the deflation of nonsense about, or in the name of, books and the theatre he brings a needle-pointed, unfailing pen. Not a fad or a fashion gets by, with him. He is the relentless enemy of the high falutin'. How many exponents of fancy writing must have buried themselves after these attacks! And yet, "attacks" is hardly the word—there is something imperturbable, disinterested, as well as astringent and vigorous, about Mr. Agate's delivery. You could never say that he had it in for any particular type or group. He cannot stand the faux bon—it is simply that.

So much for what one might call his destructive side. He comes out, to my mind, as strongly—even more strongly—in his power to build up appreciation. Though he writes disengagedly, often colloquially, he has behind him a background of intellectual pleasure got from the abidingly good in art. One might call him a bon viveur of the arts—but this has left his values both true and stern. He is, in the literal sense, the most attractive of critics: he can rivet one to whatever he likes to say. He makes every play with his personality—anecdote, confession and prejudice—but behind this one feels that his principles are impersonal.

Variety

THE book articles are brilliant; the theatre articles, though equally stimulating, have a profounder quality. The theatre is, clearly, his own ground. On the subject of the theatre his knowledge—both his memory and his reading—goes so deep that it has been absorbed completely. He wastes no time tilting at anything that, while it merely bores him, may be excellent in its own way. Here, for instance, is Mr. Agate on ballet:

If I want to hear a symphony of Tchaikowsky, Brahms, or Berlioz and none is playing at the Queen's Hall, I have no objection to closing my eyes and hearing it at Covent Garden. That a number of young people should at the same time be scampering about on the stage seems to me to be neither here nor there, and, anyhow, it is entirely their own business. Presumably it pleases them, and I can arrange for it not to annoy me.

With the manias of balletomanes he deals, however, less tolerantly. . . . The range of *Thursdays and Fridays* is very wide: all sorts of biography, criticism, good and bad novels are covered in the first

half; all kinds of productions, as well as theatrical memoirs, in the second. Apart from the other qualities I have touched on, this is the most entertaining book I have read for a long time.

War Humour

WE must thank Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis for his editorship of *I Couldn't Help Laughing* (Lindsay Drummond; 12s. 6d.). It takes a humorist of the first order to go through contemporary humour with a fine comb and assemble what is unchallengeably the best.

This collection could not be funnier: it more than stands up to, it towers over, its name. And the Introductory Note, though a sternly short one, makes an interesting comment on the changes in British humour between the last war and this. We have, Mr. Wyndham Lewis suggests, grown up a good deal between then and now. Unregretted, much of the pursy smugness, the primness, the slightly old-maidish archness and the class-bound complacency of our old accredited jokes have faded away. We are more sardonic than once we were—but less insensitive, at the same time.

These pieces [he says] seem to me pretty representative of the attitude of the Muse of British Comedy towards this war, so far; now smiling genially or dopily, now baring her fangs with a snarl, now uttering what the French call a metallic laugh, now tittering cynically, now mumbling bitterly, now lashing out jovially with a smart left-hook to the jaw or a rousing kick in the pants. I submit also that this book is published at the right time.

It certainly is. And it fulfils the claims that its editor makes for it. Among the draughtsmen are Low, Osbert Lancaster, Anton, Nicolas Bentley, Fougasse, Strube, Topolski, and the late and deeply to be lamented Pont. Among the writers are Beachcomber, Nathaniel Gubbins, E. M. Delafield, A. P. Herbert. No contributor

drops below the exacting standard a really brilliant editor has set up. I should like *I Couldn't Help Laughing* to be still about the place a hundred years hence: it should do us credit in the eyes of futurity. It is also exactly the book for New Year 1942.

A Follow Up

SOME weeks ago, I subjected readers to a rather long disquisition on the short story. I am particularly glad, therefore, that Mr. H. T. W. Bousfield should have come, at this juncture, to give point to several of my remarks. His *Vinegar—and Cream* (John Murray; 8s. 6d.) seems to me to be a collection of just the sort of English short stories I had in mind. They exhibit the three good qualities—point, punch, pith.

These are all short stories with plots in the straight sense—they have atmosphere, but do not depend on atmosphere for their effects. They have the excellent dryness of Saki, sometimes the grimness of Kipling, but in no way are they derivative—they have an outstanding quality of their own. Sound workmanship, as well as lively invention, has gone into these stories of Mr. Bousfield's. Each story takes a quite unexpected twist at the end. At the same time, the author does not what I call cheat. It is simply that the unforeseen happens, as so very often it does in life.

Mr. Bousfield's attitude to his characters—pretty girls, resourceful young men, ghosts, dowagers, vampires, clergymen, down-and-outs, puppies, Anglo-Indians, financiers and flighty wives—shows a likeable mixture of satire and affection—in fact, *Vinegar—and Cream*. I particularly enjoyed "The Man who Took Too Much Trouble," "Fat Girl," "Albert Mansions," "Death and the Duchess," "Stink and Yap," and "The Impossible Adventure." But not one story flops, and each stays in the memory. This is a book I do thoroughly recommend.

Caravan Camarade

By Richard King

I HAVE more than a faint suspicion that when at last the war is over the real fight for Democracy will begin!

I cannot see the thousands and thousands of men and women who sit in authority over ration books, yellow books, pink books; who visit back gardens to observe if the ten yards of wire-netting is being correctly applied to its purpose; who sit in offices to give the O.K., or otherwise, to applications for this, that, and the other. . . . I cannot see, I repeat, all these men and women, together with thousands of others now busily employed in directing and curtailing other people's lives, relinquishing their well-paid duties without something approaching a revolution.

It's against human nature, especially when most of us will be so used by then to being inspected, thwarted and be-booked, be-formed and be-licensed that we shall take it all as part and parcel of life's annoyances from which there is no escape.

There are sides to war which are neither tragic nor devastating—merely the grand and glorious opportunity for those who love power, but are not in themselves big enough to support it humbly, to expand like that frog of the fable in competition with that cow.

The worst of it is, too, that these same people are often excellent for war conditions. In their

inner-gratification at being at last able to direct without having to strain every nerve to obtain even the minor self-satisfaction of direction, they become over-conscious to a degree. The chance is now theirs and they are going to make the most of it. And they do!

Nevertheless, in peacetime these careerists in self-aggrandisement are a nuisance. It is easier to get rid of Hitler than the millions of Hitlers-in-a-very-small-way. Given a rifle, one may eventually shoot a tiger; it is far more difficult to swot a fly even with a machine-gun. Besides, there are so many more flies than tigers. And if there be any type I particularly dislike it is the tin-pot Dictator. They squirm too much to those above; they kick, or humble, too often those below. They smile so affably when needed; their little thin-lipped mouths set so vindictively when affability is not required. They work so subtly underground for the "limelight," however inadequately they fill it, with which they hope to awe an unimportant crowd.

On the whole, I prefer gentle people, kindly people, very simple people; even though their careers may have led nowhere and, among the trampled, they may be the first to go under. I think Heaven must be full of them. Indeed, Heaven must often stand aghast at the self-confident arrival of many who feel that in their own right they should inherit glory.

Getting Married



Spence—Coggin Brown

Colin Sinclair Spence, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Spence, of Lane End, Broxbourne, Herts., married Joyce Coggin Brown, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Coggin Brown, of Annandale, Broxbourne, Herts., at the Parish Church, Broxbourne



Pearl Freeman

Veronica Anstace Blake

Veronica Anstace Blake is engaged to Lt. Hugh Gilson Taylor, the Suffolk Regt., son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. G. Taylor, of Barnfield, Stanstead, Suffolk. She is the only child of Sir Cuthbert Blake, Bt., D.S.O., R.N., and Lady Blake, of Little Waldingfield, Sudbury, Suffolk

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review

of Weddings and Engagements



Bruce Lockhart—Crump

Rab Brougham Bruce Lockhart, R.A., second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bruce Lockhart, of Sedbergh, and Helen Priscilla Lawrence Crump were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. She is the younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel S. T. Crump, and of Mrs. Crump, of 40, Rodney Court, W.



Fitzwilliams Hyde—Hunter

Captain Anthony John Fitzwilliams Hyde, 4th-7th Royal Dragoon Guards, only son of the late Major J. K. L. Fitzwilliams Hyde, and of Mrs. Fitzwilliams Hyde, of Longworth House, Berkshire, and Joanna Margaret Hunter, were married at Faringdon. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Hunter, of Fernham House, Faringdon, Berks.

Charles Raymond Sawyer, R.A., son of the late Mr. C. J. Sawyer, and Mrs. Sawyer, of Blackheath, and Rotherfield, near Crowborough, Sussex, was married to Evelyn Clare Burton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Burton, of Frant, Sussex, at St. Deny's Church, Rotherfield



Sawyer—Burton



MacFarlane—Morgan

Bruce McIntyre MacFarlane, Nigerian Administrative Service, son of the late Rev. Norman Campbell MacFarlane, of Edinburgh, married Olive Morgan, daughter of the late Comdr. D. Morgan, R.M., of Portsmouth, at Wusasa, Zaria, Nigeria



Starling—Law

Wing-Commander Edward J. H. Starling, R.A.F., eldest son of Colonel J. Starling, of Shotton, near Chester, was married to Nancy Law, W.A.A.F., youngest daughter of the late Francis Simon Law, of Kilshane, Tipperary, at St. Simon's Church, Chelsea



Atkinson—McLauchlan

Captain William Dewhurst Atkinson, R.A.O.C., of Great Crosby, Liverpool, and Frances Margaret McLauchlan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McLauchlan, of Kingston House, Acreley Kings, were married at Acreley Kings Church



Dorothy Wilding

Governor Designate of Southern Rhodesia

On January 7th Lord Huntingfield will succeed Sir Herbert Stanley as Governor of Southern Rhodesia. Lord Huntingfield's career and achievements are referred to in the last paragraph on this page

**The New C.-in-C. Eighth Army**

On December 12th Mr. Churchill announced that Major-General N. M. Ritchie, C.B.E., D.S.O., had succeeded General Sir Alan Cunningham as C.-in-C. Eighth Army, Middle East. He is seen with General Sir Claude Auchinleck

**British and New Zealand Commanders Meet as the Tobruk Corridor is Closed**

The Brigadier commanding the tanks at Tobruk set out at sunset one night recently in a tank flying his pennant, to meet the New Zealand forces at Duda. He is seen (right) greeting the Colonel O.C. of a battalion which cut across the Axis highway and advanced into Duda overnight

Panzer

“EACH man was provided with four uniforms, four different types of footwear—knee-boots, ankle boots, ordinary boots, and gymnasium shoes—a white woollen nightshirt, plenty of fine woollen blankets, mattresses and pillows covered with the finest French linen, and various French powders, pomades, creams and perfumes.”

“The Times” War Correspondent on the Libya front.

What a shame to leave out the lipstick!

Shwe Dagon

EVEN if the Japs pop a bomb through the beautiful dome of Rangoon's Golden Pagoda, as they very well may, it will no more aid them towards the attainment of the decision they desire than have recent happenings at Pearl Harbour and off the coast of Malaya. The fact that the Shwe Dagon, built in the sixth century B.C., is one of the most revered shrines of Buddha may prove an incentive to the Eastern Hun, in the same way that Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's have proved to his Western opposite number.

The Shwe Dagon is one of the world's wonders, though it is not officially listed as such, and it is also one of its most beautiful buildings. It is really golden, for the entire dome is covered by gold-leaf. It is the first thing that you see of Burma as your ship comes in from the Western Sea and stands out from the low-lying coast-line. It is a fascinating first-hand impression of the exquisite Land of Lilliput, and one that is not dispelled even when the ship gets into the Rangoon River, and you get wind of the most appalling smells from the bales of some far-too-dead fish or other muckment stacked along the waterfront. This food is classed as delicatessen by the local inhabitants in the same way as we class caviare. However, once past this smellsome barrier, you find

a little jewel of a city, hard to beat anywhere in the wide world.

Colour and Cheroots

I THINK these are the two leading notes. A Burmese crowd is like a flower-bed for colour and gaiety: and everybody smokes, even the picturesque little women, fat yellow cheroots which, when not in action, they tuck behind their ears: and everybody smiles even in the rains—and that, I should say, took a bit of doing, for it comes down in sheets for months and months on end.

In the Pegu Club they have to put braziers under the billiard tables to defeat the mushrooms, I suppose, and at the Gymkhana Club, where I stayed with the secretary, they put one under my bed to dry it out a bit so that I should not sleep in a kind of swamp. I would not live in Burma for anything, but the inhabitants say they love it. They say the same thing at Aden! Just British phlegm and guts—at least, so I think.

In Rangoon itself are those lovely little lakes with islets dotted about them, and they used to have a very flourishing little boat club, and may still have. A few miles out north-eastwards are the big lakes, and it is well worth the long ride out through the Pine-Apple Jungle to see them. Miles and miles of this cactus, and some of it they do say grows into a pine you can eat. Maybe! It is most interesting, but it looked just snaky and swampy to me.

Racing and 'Chasing

THERE is no one in the world keener on these diversions than the Burman, and he is a plunger by instinct. They have a good little race-course in Rangoon with the steeplechase course alongside it, and there are likewise the weekly paper-chases over a partly made and partly natural course. And how those quaintly made Burma ponies can lap! Why, I do not know. The one I rode was coffin-headed, bull-necked, loaded in the shoulders, with nothing to speak of behind. He had no mouth, but he was full of courage and never put a foot wrong. I just left it all to him and he did the rest like a real little champion.

After coming in from the country, the course led along the wide grass verges of the roads, plentifully dotted with Lilliput fences in keeping with this Lilliput land, and the finish was at the Gymkhana Club, a place with the biggest bar I have ever struck.

An Excellency's Second Innings

ON the principle that you cannot keep a good man down, his Majesty has appointed the former Governor of Victoria to be Governor of Southern Rhodesia, and, speaking with a bit of inside information, and as a friend of over thirty years' standing, I am sure that Lord Huntingfield's new “subjects” are going to realise that they are to be congratulated. He played a captain's innings in Australia, where, during Lord Gowrie's absence on leave, he acted as Governor-General and I feel that he will carry his bat for a good score on his new pitch.

Lord Huntingfield is a former 13th Hussar, and was in the regimental polo team in 1911, when there was a very hot entry for the Indian Inter-Regimental, including such stars as the 10th Hussars (winners), the K.D.G.s, the 2nd R.B. (only just beaten in the first round by the 10th), the Inniskillings (the slayers of the 13th), the 17th Lancers, the Royals and the Guides' Cavalry.

Lord Huntingfield was then Mr. William Vanneck, and he succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle in 1915. He was the 13th Hussars' number two; in front of him he had Captain Steel and behind Captain Hamilton Grace and Captain Richardson. This 1911 Inter-Regimental was quite remarkable by reason of the large number of future Internationals who were engaged in the various teams: Leslie Cheape (K.D.G.s), R. G. Ritsón (Inniskillings), H. A. Tomkinson (Royals), and V. N. Lockett and T. P. Melville (17th).

The 13th Hussars

I PUT dust upon my head for having omitted, in a recent note on the 4th Hussars and their presence at Balaclava, the fact that the 13th were also very much there, and, incidentally, won the race to the enemy guns on that classic occasion. Naturally, they're very proud of this fact and do not want it to be forgotten. The fact of their being first in this charge originated a famous phrase which is still widely used in the regiment to-day: "Don't let those blanks in the 17th get in front of us."

Reading the Race

SO many of us, when we are looking through our glasses at a race in progress, and even when we are riding in it ourselves, have, ere now, permitted our attention to be diverted by something that suddenly flashes out in front. The gaze unconsciously is switched from the horse which it is most necessary to watch to one to which we have not given very much thought. It is just the same thing when we do this as when the golfer fails to keep his eye on the ball.

It is never wise to disregard the surprise packet, but it is very unwise to let anything distract our gaze from the main target. And talking of steeplechasing, has anyone ever seen, or ridden, a horse who, with a big weight up, is able to run away over the Grand National course and not beat himself? It can't be done. There is no need for any other competitor to do more than see to it that the mad-headed devil keeps on running away. If this is done—and it is being done in this present Grand National—he is bound to gallop himself to a standstill. Then, and not till then, will he be easy meat.

We do not know to a month or two how much longer it will be, but we must never forget that we are on the better stayer and that, rough as the going has been with snorting big fences, our horse will still have that little bit extra which he can pull out when the hairy-heeled brute that has caused all the trouble will have his tail twitching and his heart thumping fit to break his ribs.

Bedford School Rugger XV. are unbeaten for the third year in succession. Their scores are staggering. Against Tonbridge, 23-3; Haileybury, 33-6; Rugby, 6-3; Oundle, 42-0; Stowe, 39-0. Left to right (standing): P. Barracough, L. W. Pollard, P. E. B. Bradforth, J. M. Langham, A. L. Wylie, G. S. Smith. Sitting: P. Parker, P. H. Haynes, J. A. Edington, F. Murray Fletcher (captain), A. C. W. Abrahams, L. F. Oakley, R. Belcher. On ground: R. D. Hislop, M. O. Feilden



A Battalion of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders at Balmoral

Front row: Captains T. S. McAllister, G. D. S. Black, M.C., Majors A. G. F. Monro, I. P. Grant, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, H.M. the King, the Commanding Officer, H.M. the Queen, H.R.H. Princess Margaret, Captain and Adjutant E. Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, Major G. Munro, Captains T. A. G. Davy, A. J. Noble, H. F. Cameron. Middle row: the Rev. H. G. Reid, C.F., Sec.-Lieuts. C. A. Cameron, I. N. H. Bragg, I. B. Stewart, E. Chapman, D. McIver, J. M. Gubbins, I. G. Inch, K. McL. Morrison, T. B. M. Lamb, Lieuts. W. R. Thompson, P. J. Stone, Sec.-Lieut. J. C. Hamp, Captains D. A. McKil, A. MacLeod, R.A.M.C. Back row: Sec.-Lieuts. C. D. B. Buchanan, J. H. Jeffers, A. S. N. Black, I. Nicholson, W. F. Reid, A. G. J. Cabrera, Lieut. and Q.M. W. Milne, Lieuts. R. M. Smith, I. M. Matheson, Sec.-Lieut. C. Grant, Lieut. R. Cahill, Captain C. A. Cameron, Lieut. R. O. Sims, Sec.-Lieut. N. D. Walker



Officers of a Light A.-A. Regiment, R.A., Somewhere in England

Front row: Lieut. (Q.M.) J. Reed, Captains F. B. Webb, N. E. Goddard, Majors R. D. Muir, W. J. Harris, the Commanding Officer, Major W. O. H. Joynson, Captains L. H. Riddon, K. McC. Cowan, Lieuts. R. A. Furniss, R.A.M.C., G. L. Doubleday. Middle row: Sec.-Lieuts. E. W. A. Richards, G. E. Milnes, Lieut. A. D. Johnson, Sec.-Lieuts. J. L. Crisp, F. D. Mordin, R. W. L. Waring, J. W. P. Monks, R. J. Yeatman, R. H. B. Lapham, H. F. Metcalfe. Back row: Sec.-Lieuts. R. Stratton, G. R. Leach, L. T. Cox, L. F. Henman, A. G. Delgado, F. M. Hall, M. A. Clayden, G. Cranmer, J. F. Churcher, D. T. Cleaveley

The Invincible Rugger XV. of Bedford School Have Scored 290 Points to Opponents' 23

D. R. Stuart



*Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*

The Air Minister's Son: a Leading-Aircraftman, R.A.F.V.R.

Leading-Aircraftman Robin Macdonald Sinclair is the elder son of Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, and Lady Sinclair. He was born in 1922, educated at Eton and Oxford, and in April 1941, he joined the R.A.F.V.R. He stroked the second Eight and Trial Eights at Eton, and the New College-Magdalen boat at Oxford in 1941. His father, Sir Archibald Sinclair, was formerly Secretary of State for Scotland, where he owns about 100,000 acres, and in September 1941, became a member of the Post-War Planning Advisory Committee for Scotland. The Sinclairs have two sons and two daughters, and their home is Thurso Castle, in Caithness-shire, of which county Sir Archibald is Lord Lieutenant

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Debutante Frocks, Second Floor

28 woollen Dresses, including an attractive bolero style. Long sleeved, high neckline, becomingly flared skirt. Chiefly blue, soft shade of petunia. All sizes. (11 coupons) **4 gns.**

Model Gowns, First Floor

Many fur bargains, including a group of Indian Lamb coats. Attractive models in brown, grey and black. (18 coupons) From **59 gns.**

Furs, Ground Floor

Small Woman's Dinner Gowns, with separate coatee, front embroidered with black sequins. In black only. In Marshall & Snelgrove's four specialised sizes. Usual price 10½ gns. (7 coupons) **3½ gns.**

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44 well cut woollen Frocks, in various styles and colours. Hip sizes 44 to 52 in. (11 coupons) **6 gns.**

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200 of our super quality crepon tailored Shirts. All sizes and colours, including a few O.S. (4 coupons) From **35/9**

Blouses, First Floor

Glamorous Nightie in floral artificial ninon. Colours: blue, clover, peach and nil. Cut on the straight **25/9** (6 coupons)

Many other styles and prices, all materials Lingerie, First Floor

8 only Angora House Coats, with contrasting satin collars and cuffs. Blue only. Hip sizes 38 and 40 in. (8 coupons) **49/6**

Tea Gowns, First Floor

50 only Tailored Newquay Knitted Suits. Pre-war wool. Three colour checks of Wine/Blue/White, Flame/Nigger/Beige, Lt. Navy/Cherry/Beige, Nigger/Rust/Beige & Black/Gold/Natural. Size S.W., W., and W.X. Sale Price (14 coupons) **£5**

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There is a definable expression of comfort and smartness in Burberry tailored equipment for W.A.A.F. officers. They indicate a consistency of craftsmanship, individuality of exactness, a product of durability—with complete healthful freedom of action in all weathers.



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Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Japanatics

STICKING needles into one's cheeks and sitting on the points of nails are as nothing to the disregard of pain, wounds and death shown by the Japanese air-pilots if we are to believe our newspapers.

The Japanese ideal of national service, if we go by these sources, is not knitting for the troops, but attaching oneself to a flying chunk of T.N.T., and then steering it at a British or United States ship. In the resulting bomph, according to these authorities, ship, Jap and all, get blown sky-high.

Now, although I would greatly admire the Japanese pilots if they do indeed follow these tactics, I would also gently point out that they are hurting themselves more than they hurt us.

There is great news value in the "suicide-squad," and a wide tendency is noticeable to play up these sacrificial attacks. The word "fanatic" recurs solemnly day by day when the Japanese operations are mentioned. Our flesh creeps as we think of these fanatical little yellow men blowing themselves to bits for the sake of Admiral Tojo, or the Emperor, or the Rising Sun, or whatever it is.

But think for a moment. Would Albert Ball, McCudden, or Bishop, have done this country

the great service they did do it, if they had achieved their first and last victory by ramming the enemy and going down with him in flames?

Obviously, the skilled and courageous fighter is most useful to his country if he can stay alive and stay fighting. To be blunt about it, I must say that I have never read such abject nonsense as has been written about these fanatic Japanese tactics. I do not underrate the enemy's intelligence so much as to believe these reports.

The Japanese pilots will fight just as our pilots fight; going close to their targets when necessary, but seeking if possible to avoid getting killed or wounded.

Motor Music

AVENERABLE gardener friend of mine—aged well over seventy, and full of loamy saws—surprised me the other night as we listened to night-flying aircraft passing overhead, by saying that he could always tell whether an aircraft had a load of bombs by the sound of the engines.

After all the trouble we had about eighteen months ago as to whether one could tell an enemy aircraft by the sound alone, I tried to skate round the question. But he sententiously stated what he regarded as the obvious fact that when the aircraft was heavily loaded, the engines sounded as if they were "labouring."

Thinking the idea a good joke, I mentioned it to a friend who has been on aerodrome control work for a long time, and to my astonishment he treated it seriously. He pointed out that the engine regime and the "sit" of the aircraft in the air must be totally different when it is carrying a full load from when it is light.

He went on to say that, if it were possible to invent a sound-receptor of the sensitiveness of those light-measurers that are used for determining photographic exposures, he thought it might really be possible to say whether an aircraft were loaded or light.

It is a horrid thought that, after we had put behind us all those intense discussions about the sounds made by enemy aircraft and by our own, we should have this new problem started. It is, indeed, a little humiliating that a man of the soil should be the first to raise what appears to be a practical aspect of sound recognition.

Blues

IT is good that the Royal Observer Corps is at last receiving its uniform, a blue version of battledress. Sometimes I have groused about the supersession of the old Royal Flying Corps uniform because it was so strongly individual and so practical. But in one thing the change was for the better, and that is in colour.

Air Force blue is a good colour. Without in the least



In Command of the R.A.F. Western Desert

Air Vice-Marshal Arthur Coningham, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., succeeded Air Commodore Collishaw as Air Officer Commanding the Western Desert some months ago. A New Zealander, six feet tall, Air Vice-Marshal Coningham is one of the most dynamic personalities in the Libyan campaign. Oliver Stewart refers to his brilliant career and achievements in the last paragraph on this page



D. R. Stuart

An M.P. and His Commanding Officer

Squadron Leader Edward Lascelles Fleming, K.C., M.C., M.P., and his C.O., Wing Commander T. U. Lester, were photographed at an R.A.F. training station. They both wear medal ribbons of the last war, during which Sq. Ldr. Fleming won his M.C. He is the Unionist Member for Withington Division of Manchester, and also an author. His book, "Sheba's Ring," was published in 1933

overlooking the other attractions of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, I would say that the colour of the uniform has much to do with its great popularity among women volunteers.

Another thing about the W.A.A.F. is that it has revealed that large numbers of women are better looking than they made themselves out to be. I mean that the uniform, though always far from being as attractive to the eye as well-chosen, well-cut and well-made civilian clothes, is better than the average of civilian clothes, and miles better than some of the more awful ensembles that we have seen.

Question and Answer

THE other day, in these notes, I said that I had no idea how Air Vice-Marshal Coningham, who has led our Imperial Air Forces so brilliantly in North Africa (and whose latest portrait is reproduced on the left), got his nickname of "Mary" Coningham.

Since then, I have had a letter from one who has been in aviation since the beginning, and he tells me that the reason is that Coningham is a New Zealander, and that he was therefore originally called "Maori" Coningham—the transition from that to the present nickname being short and swift.

Coningham has certainly earned once more the gratitude of the country. In 1914-18 he was one of our greatest fighter pilots. Now he is certainly one of our greatest air leaders. Only about three such have emerged in the present war; but they do stand out as people of exceptional ability.

The air, being a comparatively new thing, demands the greatest ingenuity and enterprise in the employment. There are none of the ready-made patterns of war which, although they may sometimes be dangerous to imitate, do give the land and sea leaders some kind of guide to action when rightly interpreted.

In aviation, the patterns are confined to 1914-18, a war in which air power was only beginning to grow. Indeed, it was not until the last year that it was being used on the grand scale. And already the air forces engaged in this war are far bigger, not to speak of being far more complex, in every way, than those of the earlier struggle against Germany.

W.A. Gilbey

Wine Growers & Distillers

Our Wines and Spirits retain their high, pre-war standard of QUALITY, though QUANTITY is severely limited by reason of the national emergency.

We regret therefore any disappointment that may be experienced on this account, either by consumers or traders.

Only Licensed Vendors with established accounts can be supplied.

For general guidance, the prices in England and Wales of a few of our leading Wines and Spirits are quoted below:—

PORTS		Per Bot.	RED BEVERAGE WINE	Per Bot.
Triple Crown	Alto-Douro		Reo. A full bodied Burgundy	
Tawny	...	7/6	Type Wine...	4/6
Gilbey's Invalid	Full Vintage	7/6		
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SHERRIES		Per Bot.	SCOTCH WHISKY	Per Bot.
Bonita Rich	Golden Oloroso	8/-	Spey Royal Old Matured	17/6
Rustan Brown	Old Brown...	8/6		

COCKTAIL		Per Bot.	BRANDIES	Per Bot.
"Odds On"	Cocktail	6/6	Lor-Ex *** Fine Cognac	30/-

OLD ENGLAND		Per Bot.	GIN	Per Bot.
British Ruby	...	3/9	Gilbey's Famous Crystal Dry	17/-
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British Sherry	...	3/9	RUM	Per Bot.



Good Greatcoats

We can usually fit an officer to his entire satisfaction on the spot. If it is necessary to make the greatcoat to measure, we work speedily and we work well. The cloths we use are good, warm and hard-wearing. The cut is faultless, the detail is exact. The price, for such care and comfort, is very reasonable — from 10 guineas.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

103-113 REGENT STREET, W.1 . 77 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2

Aldershot, Alton (Staffs), Amesbury, Barmouth, Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bothwell, Bournemouth, Bristol, Carlisle, Dunbar, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Grantham, Harrogate, Hove, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Plymouth, Richmond (Yorks), Sheffield, Shrivenham, Southampton.



“Founts” of Inspiration Simple Frocks

Simplicity is the characteristic feature of the dress on the left from Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge. It is expressed in dull white crêpe, and would look extremely well in black or pastel shades. In the embroidery simili emeralds, turquoise and rubies are present. This clever artist in dress is making a feature of frocks that are really “founts” of inspiration and can be adapted for the occasions on which they are destined to be worn. A fact that cannot be too widely known is that there is an infinite variety of simple little frocks in which women in the Services revel when they can abandon their uniforms. They need something for their hours of relaxation. Of course, the collection of wrap coats is unrivalled, many of them being fur-lined and trimmed

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE



Hairdressing for women in the Services is fraught with difficulties. As will be seen from the illustrations on this page, Eugene has solved the problem in a highly satisfactory manner for the W.R.N.S. The picture above on right shows the hat with the hair dressed to harmonise. The long roll in the neck exactly follows the line of the hat right round to the tip of the ears. The large soft waves shown in the picture below on right cover the crown of the head; they are neat, and a tight-fitting hat has no deleterious effect on them. It is quite a simple matter to modify this arrangement

Woollands Winter Sale

COMMENCES THURSDAY, JANUARY 1st
AND CONTINUES
THROUGHOUT THE MONTH



V.37. Material Cap with tucked halo effect, a comfortable and becoming shape. In several colourings and fittings.

Sale Price **49/6**

DRESSES, BLOUSES
COATS, GLOVES
JUMPERS, CARDIGANS
WOOLLEN FABRICS
SHOES, ETC. . . .

No Coupons for HATS, BAGS
LACE or FANCY JEWELLERY

IN conformance with the paper restriction NO SALE CATALOGUE will be issued. Ladies unable to come to Town are invited to send a list of their requirements by post, and when requested we may be able to submit a rough sketch to assist in making a satisfactory choice. A selection of goods can in certain circumstances be sent on approval to customers having a credit account with us.

WOOLLANDS, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1. Sloane 4545



PERSONAL — BY AIR

Dear Mr. Gerald :

I take up my pen in good time in order to send you Best Wishes on the occasion of your Birthday which should reach you five weeks from today. All at the Hall are well except old Mr. Macgregor who sustained a slight flesh wound near his asparagus beds by a bow and arrow discharged by a young evacuee. This evacuee is one of the ones staying at the Lodge, and Mr. Macgregor had made him the bow and arrow himself, so he cannot complain. The silver is put away for the duration, but I take it out periodically and give it a careful clean. Last year we lifted a fine lot of potatoes from what used to be the Clock Golf Lawn. I am also looking after the cellar to the best of my ability. In particular, I have made a point of laying in a case of Rose's Lime Juice against your return. Like many good things, Rose's is hard to obtain in England these days. Still, there will be ample Rose's Lime Juice after the war, when all headaches and hangovers will be where they belong — on the other side of the Rhine.

In anticipation of that day, I sign myself, in haste.

Yours respectfully, *Albert Hawkins*
(Sergt., Home Guard).

There is no substitute for ROSE'S Lime Juice

"INVEST"
YOUR
COUPONS
at the

Debenham SALE

STARTS
JAN. 5

Quality SAVES Coupons



BRAID IS
"NEWS"
FOR THE
SPRING

MODEL WOOLLEN DRESSES various styles and materials, suitable for present wear and for spring wear without a coat, all beautifully cut. The example illustrated is in fine quality black wool cleverly braided. Originally $9\frac{1}{2}$ to $12\frac{1}{2}$ gns.

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE AT **£7.10.0**

Debenham & Freebody

LANGHAM 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

THE cinema had a large notice that read "Lucky Night!" The patron entered and sat through two old features, three travelogues on the East, two feeble comedies, a cartoon and newsreel he had seen three months before. But there were no prizes, so on the way out, he asked for the manager.

"I'm the manager," said the usher. "What can I do for you?"

"What about the prizes for the Lucky Night," stormed the patron.

"I didn't advertise prizes," smiled the manager. "I advertised 'Lucky Night'—and that's just what it is for you."

"Meaning what?" asked the other.

"Meaning this: If I gave prizes your chance of winning would be about one in five thousand. And if you didn't win, you'd be disappointed. Am I right?"

"I suppose so," granted the customer.

"Well," enthused the manager, "no prizes—no disappointments. See how lucky you are!"

THE Italian team has been winning races at a meeting held by the Automobile Club of the Argentine. Their victories, the Argentines say, are due to the fact that they fitted Italian tyres to their front wheels and British to their back.

THE orderly officer was going his rounds at breakfast and stopped at one table with the usual query: "Any complaints?"

One soldier sprang up and said: "Yes, sir, this tea tastes of chloride of lime."

The officer took the mug, sniffed the contents, then sipped cautiously.

"Nonsense," he pronounced. "That's carbolic acid!"



£10 a Ton Waste Paper Week

Max Miller, the comedian, and Jean Colin, principal boy of "Jack and the Beanstalk," Francis Laidler's pantomime at the Coliseum, appealed to the people of Westminster to turn out their waste paper. An anonymous donor has promised to pay £10 to any of the fighting Services' charitable funds for every ton collected during Westminster Week

A COLOURED man who did odd jobs of hauling, used as motive power a gigantic mule of great age, profound deliberation and undaunted determination.

"What's the name of your mule?" someone once asked the negro.

"Dat mule am named 'Public Service Corporation,' suh," the darkie answered.

"What on earth made you give him a name like that?"

"Wal, suh, jes' because dat am de best name fo' a mule like him," said the negro. "Dat mule kin stan' m'o abuse an' go right on habbin' his own way dan any pusson yo' eber see."

THE young couple were gazing into each other's eyes, and sighing soulfully. Suddenly a thought occurred to Donald.

"Ye ken, Maggie," he murmured. "I'm no' much taw look at."

"Aye," agreed Maggie, "but ye'll be oot at work most o' the day."

"I WANT something really nice for a Christmas present. I don't mind if it's expensive."

"Yes, madam. For your husband, may I ask, madam?"

"No, from my husband."

AT a cocktail party the languid youth met a lady whose invitation to dinner he had declined. He thought it was a good moment to smooth things down.

"I believe you asked me to dine with you last Friday?" he began brightly.

"Did I?" she replied coldly. "And did you come?"

(Concluded on page 502)

What's the date? It's an important question that crops up most days of the year. If you want to be sure of the answer, at a glance, there is a calendar on sale which is just what you need. Appropriately it is called the "At-a-Glance" calendar. Made to hang or to stand, in real leather or in leatherette, it is a useful time-saver at home or in the office

The "Great" Coat for the Man at Sea



FOR weather, for warmth, for life protection or for sheer style on shore, the Vitabuoy is the one great-coat for every Officer of the Navy or the Merchant Navy. The Vitabuoy is Waterproof...Gale-proof...the Tropal interlining has been rendered completely flame-proof and it is four times warmer than any woollen coat and a quarter of the weight. It has six times the buoyancy of cork...and has NO GADGETS to ruin the smartness of its style when worn on shore. In short, it is the all-purpose coat for the all-purpose wearer.

★ The Vitabuoy is guaranteed to keep the wearer afloat, upright, for at least 72 hours, conscious or otherwise.

THE Vitabuoy LIFE-SAVING COAT

The Vitabuoy in appearance is simply a smartly cut service great-coat in a two-fold Egyptian Navy Cotton Gabardine, triple proofed but interlined with a new material called "Tropal," which is four times warmer than wool and only one quarter the weight. The lining is distributed and anchored inside the coat on scientific principles, ensuring that the coat will support in water five times the weight of an average man for at least 72 hours.

Small, Medium and Large Sizes 6 guineas. Purchase Tax Extra. (Hood 17/6 extra. Purchase Tax Extra).

Obtainable at all leading Naval Outfitters, all Austin Reed's branches and principal stores throughout the country. If obtainable write for the nearest supplier to Sole Manufacturers: Vitabuoy Products Ltd., Beaufort House, Gravel Lane, London, E.1. Phone: Bishopsgate 6565.

Below shows hood in use. This can be dropped at back without removing same.



GILLETTE

blades

last longer

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save steel

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... and even longer still if you wash your face first and then remember to lather at least twice as long as you usually do. The Gillette blade is made with a "shouldered" edge which gives it a long strong life. But why give it extra work on half-softened stubble—why not get extra shaves instead?

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INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX
Blue Gillette 1/3 for 5
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FAMOUS SINCE 1795

*The Only Brandy
actually bottled at
the
Chateau de Cognac*



OTARD'S BRANDY

Too much

AND **TOO LITTLE**



Even in the days of plenty we never really liked to hear of anyone smoking more than 20 Four Square cigarettes a day. They were, and are, made especially for people who smoke for pleasure rather than from habit. Now, when it's sometimes difficult to get even ten Four Square cigarettes a day, we sympathise. Because too little of a good thing is about as bad as too much of a bad one.

FOUR ~~X~~ SQUARE

20 for 1/6

for those who really ENJOY a cigarette

The Friend that never fails

Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . . The Salvation Army.

Please remember the work it is doing—and help!

Gifts and Inquiries welcomed by

GENERAL GEORGE L. CARPENTER

101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4

THE SALVATION ARMY

Bubble and Squeak

(Continued from page 500)

A CONVIVIAL suburbanite who had lost his last train home noticed outside the station a neighbour, also in a rather hazy condition, with a car. So he approached him and said: "Would you mind giving me a lift home?"

"Thatsh all ri', ole boy. Step in."

The other tactfully offered to drive, and in half an hour they were home.

"Now," said the driver, looking at his neighbour's house, "where's your garage?"

"Don't have a garage, old boy."

"Then where do you keep your car?"

"Don't have a car, ole boy."

"But when I saw you outside the station you were leaning against this car."

"I know, ole boy, but when you feel as I do you've got to lean against something!"

A GERMAN plane was shot down by German anti-aircraft fire aimed at British bombers on their way to the Rhineland.

In the early morning hours a couple of Dutch painters from a neighbouring town were ordered to cover up the German markings on the wrecked aeroplane with those of the R.A.F.

The painters did their work with obvious reluctance, but thought of a clever way to spoil the Germans' game. They left a prominently displayed notice: "WET PAINT."

DURING A.R.P. exercises, a warden received notification that a bomb had hit a public house. His report to headquarters was:

"No casualties. No trace of gas. Big escape of beer. We are doing our best to stem flow."

A CERTAIN employee had a habit of reporting for work every day some twenty or thirty minutes late. He was finally called in by the chief.

"Don't you know," asked the boss, sarcastically, "what time we start work in this place?"

"No," shrugged the lad. "they're always at it when I get here!"

"WELL," said the doctor, to his "Black Market" patient, "and how are you finding business?"

"Terrible! Terrible! Haven't had any stuff for weeks," moaned the patient. "How's business with you?"

"Last week alone I had at least nine cases of diphtheria."

The patient sat up eagerly.

"How many tins in each case?" he snapped.

"WHEN I was shipwrecked in South America," said an old salt, "I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed his audience. "How could they talk?"

"They couldn't," snapped the old man. "That's what made 'em wild."

THE Sunday morning visitor to the Navy Yard approached a sentry.

"Can you direct me to H.M.S. Satan?" he asked.

"Never heard of it," said the sentry.

"That's odd," said the stranger, as he reached in his pocket for a newspaper clipping and read: "Next Sunday the Navy Yard chaplain will preach on Satan, the great destroyer."

"HULLO," said the doctor visiting the asylum, "what are you doing?"

"Writing a letter to myself," replied the latest arrival at the place.

"And what have you written to yourself?" asked the doctor.

"How the devil do I know until I get it first post tomorrow morning," replied the lunatic.



"Do you think I ought to write those 1,000 lines, Sir, in view of the serious paper shortage?"

WHY WASTE PAPER?

The country needs your waste paper. Hoard it, and you help the enemy. Destroy it, and you deprive our sailors, soldiers and airmen of vital ammunition.

Every scrap is vitally important. Turn out your cupboards, ransack your bookshelves. Stern reality must take the place of an easier sentimentality.

One book a week from each of the 11,000,000 homes throughout the country will mean 240,000 tons of paper for munitions of war within a year.

Do not let your home fail in its national responsibility.

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FAIR PATRIOT'S CHOICE

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PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

British Prisoners of War



CIGARETTES & TOBACCO
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Postal Censorship Permit

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	(Cork Tipped)			
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STATE EXPRESS SMOKING				
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High-Class Standard Quality as sold throughout the United Kingdom.

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ALL PRICES INCLUDE PACKING & DELIVERY

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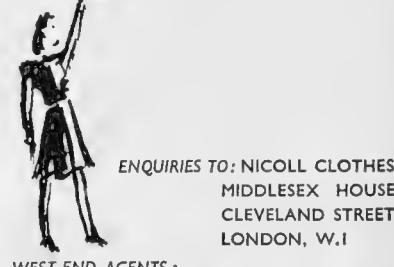
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(Six doors from Piccadilly Circus)

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OBtainable all over Britain



The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Margaret Marks



Becoming Velvet Beret in black, navy and wine. All fittings. Original Price 25/9.

Sale price 15/-

Not sent on approval.

Box and postage 1/6 extra.

Sale

COMMENCES
JANUARY 5

No Catalogue issued but the Sale lives up to its reputation for wonderful bargains.

100 COATS

Each one different and all trimmed various good quality fur—including Mink, Beaver, Persian Lamb, etc. In black and colours and several sizes. All greatly reduced in price from £6 to £30

30 COATS

In plain, well tailored shapes—some swagger—others belted. Suitable for wearing "on duty" or in the country. In Camel, "Teddy Bear," Scotch Tweeds, etc. Warmly lined. All reduced to £10

300 WOOLLIES

Sweaters and Cardigans in many colours, shapes and sizes. All different and wonderful value. Sale Price 17/6

40 SUITS

Well cut Coats and Skirts in Chalk Stripe Flannel, Plain and Check Tweeds, and Suitings. Usual Price 8½ gns. Sale Price £6

Pin tucks are used with charming effect in this attractive dress of fine wool. In cherry, sage, powder, navy or black. Hip fittings 38-44.

Sale Price £7.10
(11 coupons)

Please give second choice of colour when ordering.

Margaret Marks Ltd.
KNIGHTSBRIDGE
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Special attention to post orders.
SLOane 5171



CONTRAST
by molho

Now on show at
**MOLHO'S
FUR SALE**

is a large selection of attractive models from 11 gns. We illustrate a new combination of Nutria and Ocelot which has been Reduced from 250 GNS. to 175 GNS.

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A Smart and Practical Coat in Natural Camel and Wool, lined with Ocelot fabric. Also many others in Pure Cashmere, Camel, and Scotch Tweeds—very warmly lined—swagger and belted shapes.

Originally 13½ to 16½ gns.

Sale Price

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begins on
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Good clothes last longer and
save coupons—buy them
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Sale
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hours
9 a.m.—4 p.m.
Sat. 1 p.m.



We regret that
no
Sale Catalogue
can be issued.

STOCK
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SECOND
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100% CAMEL HAIR

Well tailored Coat in a casual yet smart style, with flat pleat at back. Lined crêpe. Luxuriously warm and ideal for now and the spring. Hip **SALE PRICE** sizes 38, 40, 42 and 44 in. **9 gns.**

This Coat is from the Stock Size Salon, where there are other equally tempting sale opportunities. But you must also visit the Full or Small Size Fashion Salons, the Lingerie and Woven Underwear Departments and our famous Inexpensive Fashion Shops.

SPEED and the AIR FORCE

"How soon can you fit me up with a greatcoat?" enquired an R.A.F. fighter pilot the other day. "Now," we replied. A few minutes later, while his greatcoat was being packed, he said to us: "At the rate you fellows go at it, you'll be beating us in your speed of 'take-off.'" We don't really think that's likely, but we can fit any Air Force officer with greatcoat, uniform or equipment immediately from our ready-to-wear ranges — and this goes equally for the most 'exceptional' sizes. We do the same for officers in the Navy or Army.



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Naval, Military & R.A.F. Outfitters

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Corner of King St. & Bedford St., W.C.2
TEMple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

W.A.A.F., A.T.S. and
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OFFICERS' UNIFORMS
made to measure at shortest
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At this Season THE HOUSE OF SEAGER

send greetings
to the British
People and their
friends and Allies
with a hope that
the New Year
may bring a
speedy victory
and a lasting and
just peace that
will inaugurate a
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THE HOUSE OF SEAGER ESTABLISHED 1805
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